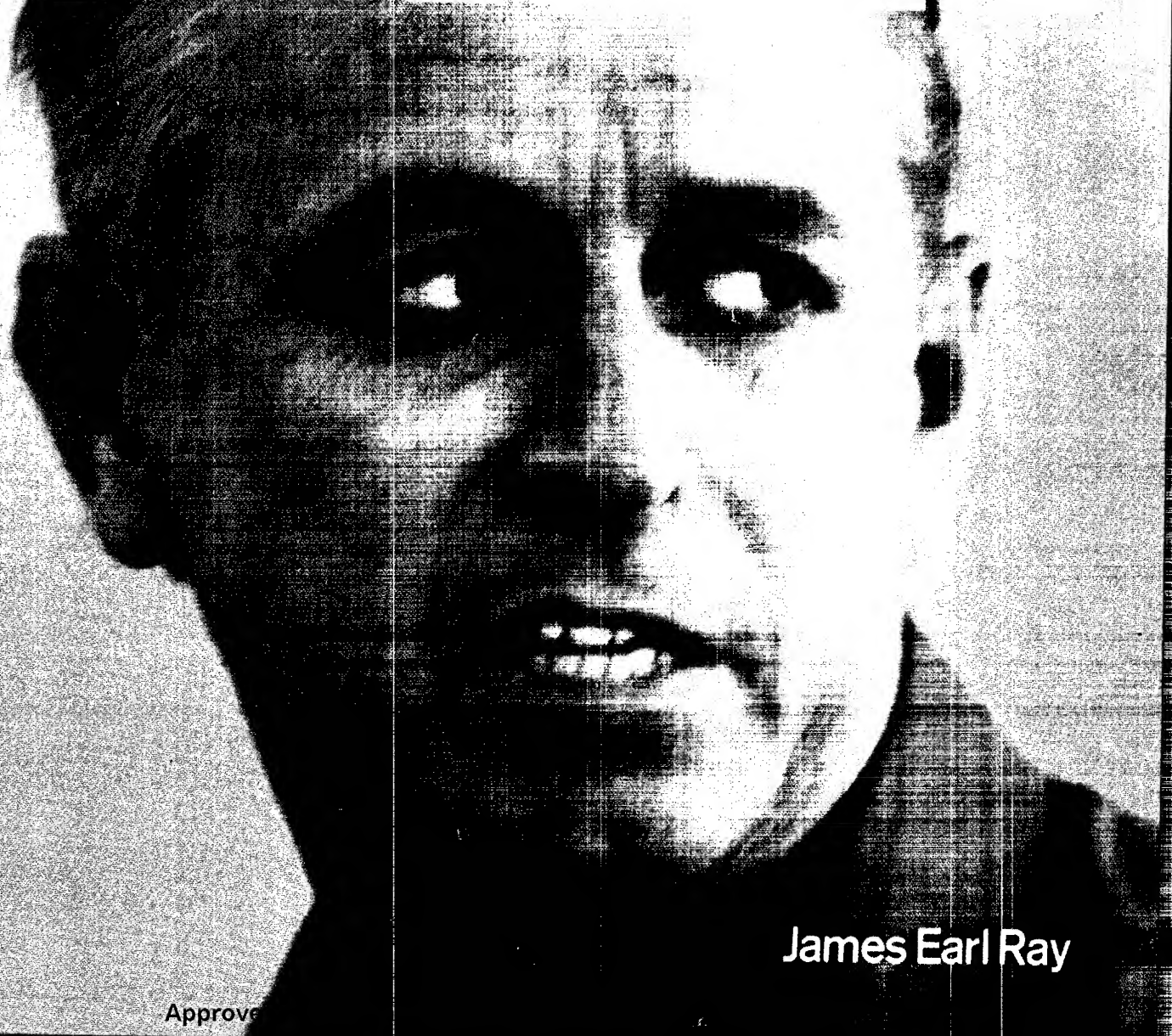


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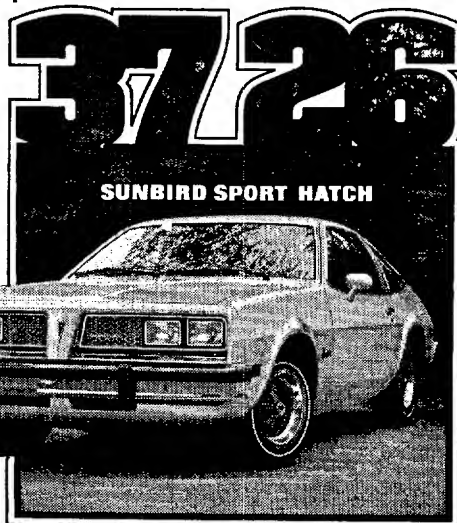
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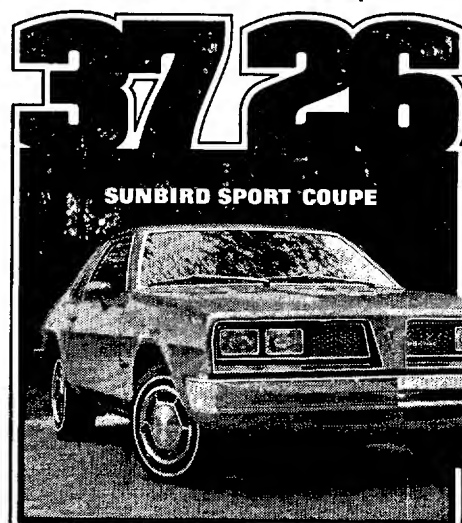
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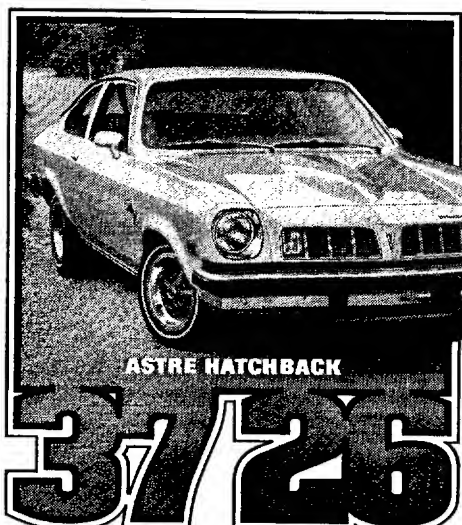


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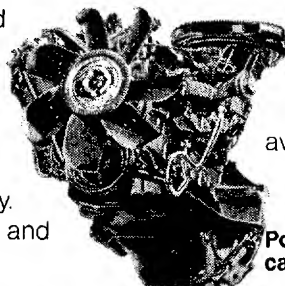
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Closing night on a weekly magazine is always somewhat stressful, since events have a way of refusing to recognize deadlines. On Friday evening, as TIME prepared to close, two startling incidents occurred almost simultaneously. No sooner had word of James Earl Ray's escape reached our offices than some half a dozen correspondents were sent into action, and the editors in New York began preparations to put Ray on the cover. In Atlanta, Larry Woods immediately chartered a plane to get to the remote Brushy Mountain state prison, while Joe Kane and Jef McAllister of our Washington bureau drove all night to reach the scene. As they covered the story on the ground, a TIME photographer was airborne in a helicopter to shoot pictures of the search. Houston Bureau Chief George Taber went to Atlanta to talk with black leaders and with Ray's past and present lawyers. With files from other correspondents who interviewed sources in Boston, Chicago, Washington and Atlanta, Associate Editor James Atwater on Saturday wrote our account of how America's No. 1 prisoner escaped, and Senior Writer Ed Magnuson described the conspiracy theory that surrounds the assassination of Ray's victim, Martin Luther King Jr. Our Nation staff pieced together the Ray saga, as our World and International staffs began work on another late-breaking story, the Dutch marine attack on the South Moluccan kidnapers; their story on the raid includes an eyewitness account by TIME's Peter Kronenberg.

MAGNUSON & ATWATER

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This week we also take an unprecedented look at a normally hidden world—the Central Intelligence Agency, which until recently kept its doors tightly shut to journalists and news photographers. It tried to be almost as invisible in Washington as overseas. Says Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott, who reported part of our story and who has also worked in Eastern Europe and Moscow: "Even inside the embassies, it was taboo to mention the CIA."

TRETICK AT THE CIA

Today, under its new director, Admiral Stansfield Turner, the CIA is expanding its press relations. But the new openness will take some getting used to at CIA headquarters in Langley, Va., says Washington Correspondent Bruce Nelson. Last week when Photographer Stanley Tretick visited to take exclusive color pictures for our story, the halls were festooned with warnings to agents operating under cover: TIME FILMING TODAY IN BLDG.

TIME FILMING TODAY
IN BLDG

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Photograph by Gerald Holly—The Tennessean.

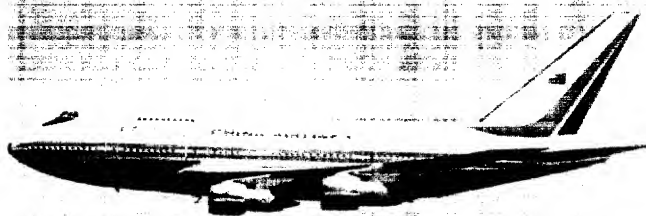
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LETTERS

Israel's Leader

To the Editors:

Your cover story on Israel and Menachem Begin [May 30] was a disgrace. In the only democratic election in the Middle East, the people of Israel elected a man and his party to replace a corrupt, weak and scandal-ridden government—and TIME talks about Trouble in the Promised Land.

Peter Almayor
Toronto, Ont

Your cheap attack on Menachem Begin was an assault on Israel and every Jew.

Van Lewis Caplan
New York City

Mr. Begin does not differ from his predecessors in his views on colonial expansionism. After all, more than 70 illegal Zionist settlements on Arab lands preceded him.



He is different in that he is publicly candid about coveting Arab lands, a covetousness inherent in the idea of Zionism. Too bad that Arabs live on these Arab lands.

Basheer K. Nijon
Cedar Falls, Iowa

I find it in extremely poor taste — whatever your opinion of Mr. Begin — to use the name "Fagin" to show people how Mr. Begin's name is pronounced.

Since Fagin was Dickens' infamous caricature of a Jew, I can only assume that your magazine wished to make an unfavorable implication.

Zalman M. Stein, Rabbi
Leominster, Mass

Why blame future Arab intransigence on Menachem Begin? Approved For Release 2001/09/05 : CIA-RDP80B01554R002700080001-8
ernment of Israel, yet the Arabs per-

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The Volvo 265 station wagon was designed with the knowledge that in addition to carrying your possessions, a station wagon also carries you.

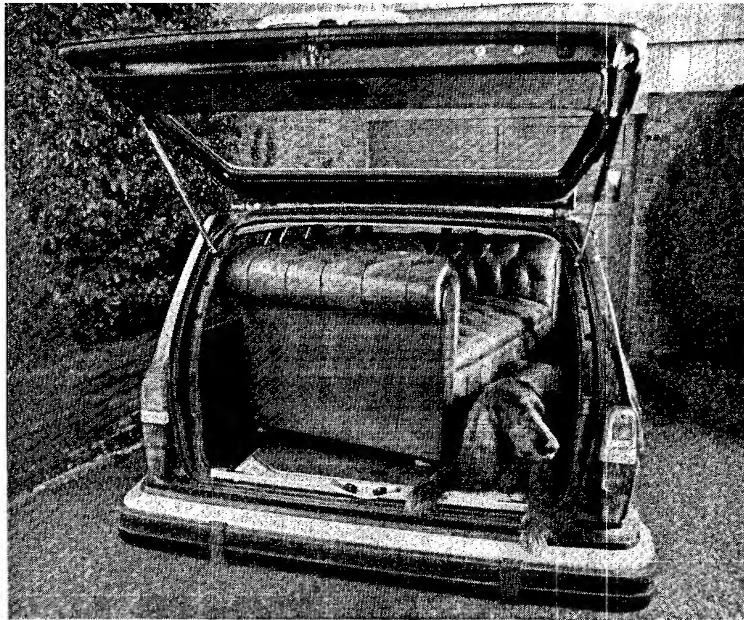
And you shouldn't have to put up with a station wagon that's a bore to drive.

So in addition to 75 cubic feet of cargo space in the back (rear seat folded), the Volvo 265 comes with 2.7 liters of fuel-injected V-6 engine up front.

In high-speed passing, the Volvo 265—with its 4-speed transmission—surpasses a BMW 320i sports sedan.

You also get power disc brakes on all four wheels. Hit them, and the Volvo 265 (even with maximum load) stops in about the same number of feet as a BMW 320i.

The Volvo 265 comes with rack and pinion steering for precise, responsive handling. And an advanced sway-bar suspension system that keeps the wagon steady and level even when you're whipping through hairpin turns.



A STATION WAGON THAT REALLY MOVES.

Even parking the Volvo 265 is a pleasure. Despite the room inside, it's no bigger outside than a Volvo sedan. And when it comes to turning circle, it has the inside track on cars like BMW, Corvette and the Datsun 280Z.

You can also take comfort from the fact that the Volvo 265 is perhaps

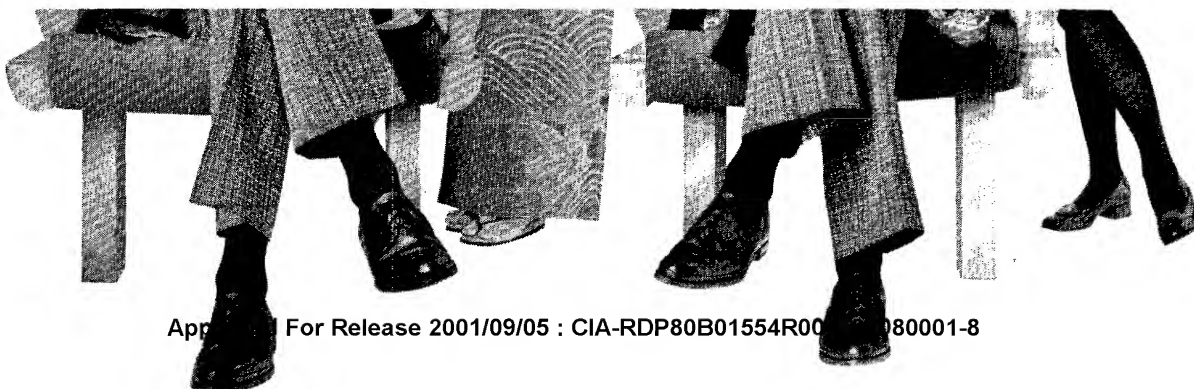
the most comfortable station wagon on the road. Air conditioning is standard equipment. As are Volvo's famous orthopedically-designed bucket seats. You also get power-assisted steering, and your choice of automatic transmission or 4-speed manual with overdrive ...all at no extra cost.

So if you're looking for a luxurious station wagon that performs like a sports sedan, come in and take a look at the Volvo 265.

It's the kind of station wagon you'll appreciate. Even when the only thing it's moving from one place to another is you.



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Great Wines are never blended. Neither is Old England

sisted in the stance of no recognition, no negotiations, no peace with the Jewish state

*George Sauer
South Orange, N.J.*

So much for peace. If the world thinks Yasser Arafat and the P.L.O. have a dubious history, the background of Menachem Begin will make Arafat look benevolent.

Begin, an ex-terrorist who still demonstrates terrorism in his political ideas, was voted to power by the people of Is-

LETTERS

icle claims it to be. I will be found in the local moviehouse for the next three months straight.

*Kenneth Cerveny
De Kalb, Ill.*

A movie that's fun. Fun! A strange-sounding word. Without sex, nudity or violence? Maybe we have turned the corner from rabid realism to creative, fantastic entertainment.

*Nopi Barnard
Augusta, Ga.*

Your quotation of my comments about George Lucas' film *Star Wars* makes it appear that I liked the film. I most emphatically did not. Those of us who work in the science fiction field professionally look for something more than Saturday afternoon shoot-'em-ups when we go to a science fiction film. We have been disappointed many times, but I had expected more of Lucas. Somebody Up There likes the film, it seems, and no dissenting views are allowed. Too bad.

*Ben Bova, Editor
Analog
New York City*

The Right to Eat

In your short article, "Heavy Promotion" (May 30), you implied that fat women have no right to eat what we wish or to wear what is pretty.

We are a big market in more ways than one, and we disapprove of skinny people having their jokes at our expense. Kindly omit innuendoes that add to the already overwhelming prejudice against overweight people. Ardelle Tuma and other fashion spokespersons are finally recognizing our reasonable demand for attractive and tasteful clothing.

*Maxene Kupperman-Givialis
New York City*

Neither Help nor Hurt

Your article "Entrance Examinations" (June 6)* unfortunately creates the totally wrong impression that Temple University School of Law bowed to political pressure on admissions, quoting one sentence from Speaker Fineman's letter to the law school.

In fact, the full text demonstrates quite the opposite: it was sent not to the law school but to a university lobbyist and reads: "Bases have already been touched with Peter Liacouras, with unsuccessful results."

The law school faculty, not any politician, university official or alumnus, makes all law admission decisions. This applicant was accepted because he worked his way through Haverford College, had a B average, a 652 LSAT score

This story ran in 40% of TIME copies, then was replaced by the late-breaking story on the Kentucky supper-club fire.

and an excellent work record since graduation. In fact, every one of our decisions is objective and reviewable by the public. Each is based on individual merit and is neither helped nor hurt by one's "political clout," race, religion, national origin, name, age, sex or station in life.

We are indeed proud of our record.

*Peter J. Liacouras, Dean
Temple University Law School
Philadelphia*

Stifling Singlaub

To compare the recall of General Singlaub (May 30) to that of General MacArthur is a gross distortion. MacArthur disobeyed an order. Singlaub merely expressed misgivings over a policy being considered.

President Carter's summary recall may have given him some present satisfaction, but at the price of stifling future candor from military leaders.

*James A. Fyock
Colonel, U.S.A. (ret.)
Bartlesville, Okla.*

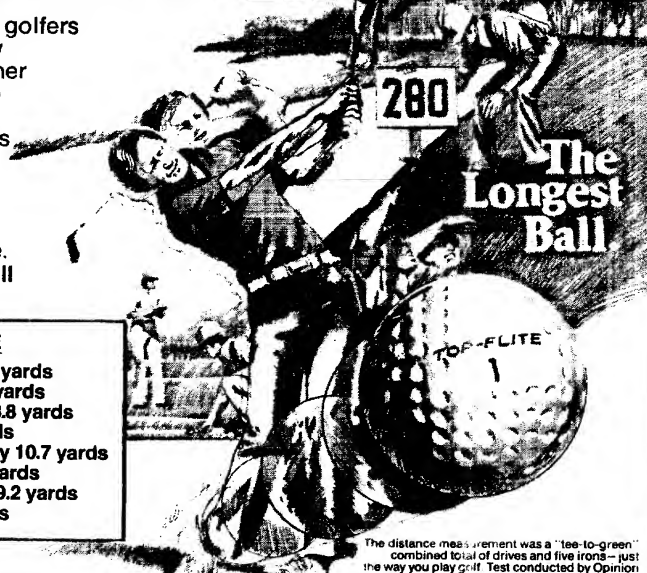
I share your "eerie" feeling about history repeating itself in the Singlaub situation. However, my concern is with the dramatic move to stifle constructive debate on a significant policy question.

The so-called openness of the Carter Administration, in this instance, bears more of a historical resemblance

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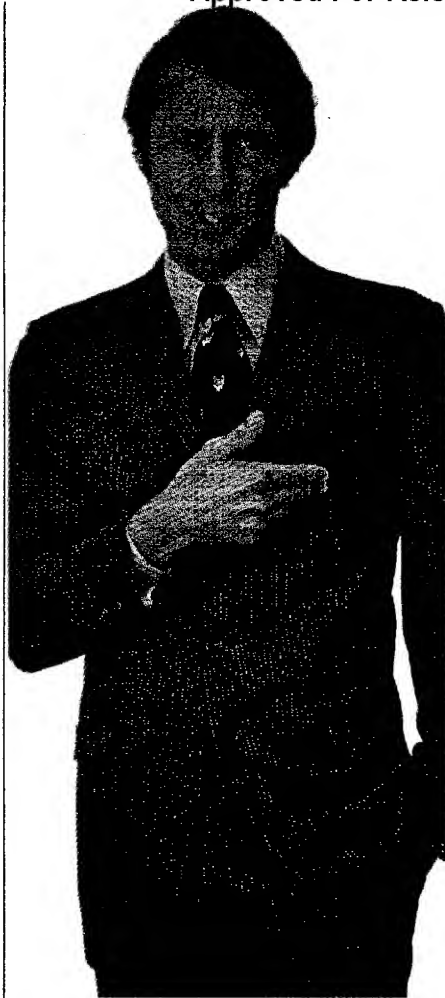


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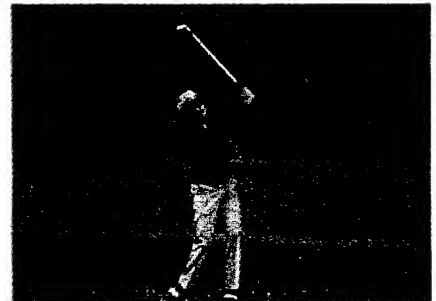
It's like having a pocketful of cameras.

First, it shoots big, colorful pictures two ways, telephoto and normal, at the flick of a switch. And it's got automatic exposure control. (The electronic shutter and lens opening are programmed to give me the right exposure in different light conditions.) I can focus from 3 feet (for clear, sharp close-ups) to infinity.

And since the viewfinder changes from normal to telephoto with the lens switch, I frame my pictures accurately. There's much more; a lens cover that doubles as a shade, my own monogram, double-exposure prevention, low-level-light indicator...the list goes on.



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Frank giving the ball a ride out of the shade.



25 mm shot of Frank.



Telephoto 43 mm shot of Frank.



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LETTERS

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to Nixon's antics than to your far-fetched Truman-MacArthur analogy.

*Brad Martin, Representative
State of Tennessee
Nashville*

General Singlaub misses the point. Having ground troops in Korea means we can be mousetrapped into another Asian land war at the snap of a Communist finger.

*Connell J. Maguire
Snead's Ferry, N.C.*

It's too bad that General Singlaub got clobbered for his outspoken views. I was very surprised that he even made those remarks to anyone from the press. He's been in the Army long enough to know that if the Army wanted him to have an opinion, they'd issue him one!

*Michael V. Stratton
Captain, U.S.A.
Fort Rucker, Ala.*

Visions of Christ

I looked long and hard at the "miracle" cloth pictured with your story "Strange Visions in Shamokin" [May 30], and I did not see the image of what we all seem to believe Christ looks like. I did, however, quite sincerely, perceive the face of Queen Victoria.

*Erich C. Stein
Colorado Springs, Colo.*

Can anyone tell me where in the history of the world there is an adequate physical description of Jesus Christ after which the image on the cloth might be fashioned?

*Cynthia McCarthy
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.*

Give that cloth some water. It's a panting St. Bernard, or maybe a blind cocker spaniel with er... a crossed-up cowlick?

*Steve Burr
San Diego*

D-Day for the Disabled

I was appalled by the attitude toward the handicapped that you conveyed in "D-Day for the Disabled" [May 30]. The major emphasis was on the exorbitant amount of money that it will take to carry out this bill.

Did you complain about the money expended during the Viet Nam War in disabling America's youth? Or about the billions spent on nuclear weapons that can be potentially disabling to future generations?

*Inne Flanagan
State College, Pa.*

Schools do not have children. People have children. The general public may have an obligation to promote education. However, the people who use

the schools should pay for those services they need or want.

"Special" education may be required because of physical or mental disability or lack of home training, but the billing should be equally "special."

*Bernice Davis
Indianapolis*

Butterless, Eggless, etc.

It is too bad that Reader Senterfitt [May 30] won't divulge her Depression Era recipe for "an eggless, milkless, butterless cake." We had it and called it "Cheap Cake" during W.W.I and I'm pleased to send the recipe along:

Mix in saucepan: 1 cup sugar; ½ tsp. salt; 1 cup water; 5 tbsp. lard (try more modern shortening!); 1½ cup raisins; 1½ tsp. cinnamon; ½ tsp. each, cloves and allspice.

Bring to a boil, remove from stove and add: 2 cups flour; ½ tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. baking soda sifted together. Beat to mix well.

Bake in greased pan about 1 hour at 325°.

It's no longer cheap but it is eggless, milkless and butterless.

*Florence N. Cadigan
Redwood City, Calif.*

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

The ultimate martini begins with a twist.



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**"I burned
my business
to the ground.**

**Thanks, America,
for helping
pay for it."** —Anon.

Arson fires cost over \$1 billion last year. Who pays for this billion dollar bonfire? We *all* do.

When somebody decides to put a match to his business it is tough to prove. When arson for profit can't be proven, the insurance company has no choice but to pay. All of us contribute to these soaring damage claims by paying more for our own property insurance. Because insurance is merely sharing a risk among many.

What can you do about it?

Help to have arson classified as a major crime. One with the same high priority for prosecution as robbery.

Push for uniform state laws on reporting, detection and investigation. Laws that would make arson harder to get away with. (Over 20% of all fires are thought to be arson, yet only 1%-3% of confirmed arson cases result in conviction.)

Work for programs to improve investigation techniques and cooperation among fire fighters, police officers and insurance investigators.

Write to state officials.

Tell insurance commissioners, police and fire department officials that you would like to see some changes made.

Put pressure on local prosecutors and encourage them to get involved.

Let people know you've had enough.

Send for our "Enough is Enough" consumer booklet. It's full of information on the causes and the pro's and con's of some possible cures for high insurance rates. You'll find out how to register your views where they count. And how you can help hold down your own insurance costs.

Or you can just do nothing and figure the problem will go away. Of course if it doesn't, better keep your checkbook handy.

Enough is Enough

Write The St. Paul for your "Enough is Enough" booklet. Or contact an Independent Agent or broker representing The St. Paul. He's in this with you and wants to help. You'll find him in the Yellow Pages.

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ASSASSINS/COVER STORIES

RAY'S BREAKOUT

"They wouldn't have me in a maximum-security prison if I wasn't interested in getting out."

—James Earl Ray,
in an interview, May 27

The plot was classic in its simplicity and its initial success. It began while some 200 prisoners were idling away their recreation time after dinner in the yard of the Brushy Mountain state prison. The beige-painted stone fortress, 40 years old and showing its age, is half hidden in the rugged Cumberland Mountains, 40 miles north of Knoxville, Tenn. No one had ever escaped for long from Brushy Mountain, a "maximum-security" penitentiary filled with hard cases—convicted murderers and other violent criminals.

As the men played horseshoes or volleyball or strolled the grassy area, they were studied by guards armed with shotguns and rifles who observed the familiar scene from seven of the eight watchtowers. In addition, about ten guards were down among the men, circulating, waiting, watching for trouble. It was 7:30 p.m., pleasant and cool. A gentle breeze was blowing, and the soft

Tennessee twilight was just drawing on. Darkness would not fall for two hours or so—plenty of time for anyone to get away, if he could make it over the 14- to 18-ft. stone walls.

Then it began, but in a way that would not immediately arouse suspicion. Shouts erupted, bodies swirled together in the yard; two inmates were fighting. Instantly, the other convicts began to shove and jostle each other to get to the scene of the action. They seemed to be reacting simply like bored men who were eager to enjoy any diversion in their numbing routine. The guards moved quickly to break up the melee, forcing their way through the crowd to get to the fighters. As the guards gained control of the situation, one of the prisoners attracted further notice by claiming he had a broken ankle. During the confusion, a man began running toward a nearby wall. For a brief interlude—perhaps only a moment or two—the guards in Brushy Mountain focused their attention on the group near the southwest end of the prison.

That was time enough. While the di-

making a dash for another section of the wall at the northern corner of the yard (*see diagram*). As usual during routine operations, the tower nearest to it was unmanned. The men erected a makeshift ladder crudely fashioned out of iron water pipes stolen from the prison's plumbing. Frantically, the men scrambled up the ladder and wiggled under the 2,300-volt electrified barbed wire that ran 18 in. above the top. At about that moment, all of the phones inexplicably went dead in the prison and for six to seven miles around. One after another, the men began making the long drop to freedom.

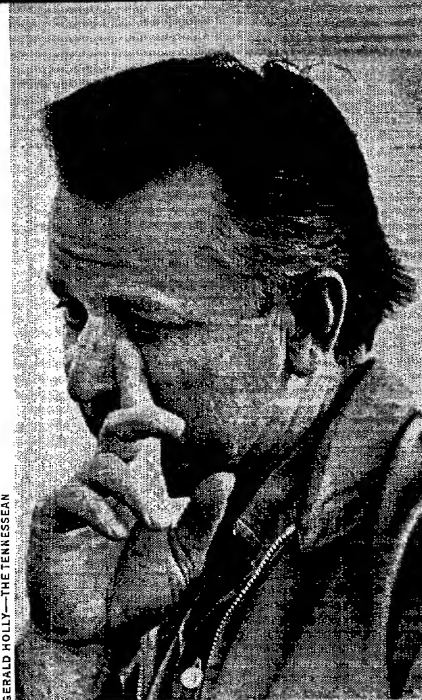
The guards saw the last man as he tried to follow the others over the wall. There was a fusillade of shots from Tower 3, 175 long yds. away, and Tower 4, 75 yds. distant. Jerry Ward, serving 20 to 40 years for bank robbery, fell on the other side of the wall with superficial bullet wounds in his head and arm. He was easy to catch, but by that time the other six convicted murderers and armed robbers had disappeared into the densely forested mountains that nest against the prison walls. Oddly, Ward was the only man who was taken

THE NATION

into a local hospital. "James Earl Ray got away!" he cried out jubilantly. "Ray got away!"

The dramatic breakout of James Earl Ray, 49, immediately rekindled the debate over whether or not he alone had killed Martin Luther King Jr. on April 4, 1968. Initially, Ray—the scruffy, born loser from the shallows of the underworld—had insisted that only he committed the crime. After he pleaded guilty at a hearing in a Memphis court on March 10, 1969, Judge W. Preston Battle sentenced him to 99 years in prison. A month later, Ray recanted, demanded a formal trial and later talked vaguely, even wildly, of being part of a conspiracy with a mysterious Latin whom he called Raoul. Indeed, Ray has insisted that he did not fire the high-powered .30-06 Remington Gamesmaster rifle that killed King with a single bullet.

Extensive Justice Department investigations, including one that was completed last February, have all concluded that Ray acted alone, but the conspiracy theories persist despite the lack of solid, supporting evidence (*see following story*). How could a man of Ray's limited background and bumbling history engineer such a plot by himself and escape to London? In particular, millions of the nation's blacks have always doubted that Ray had acted without accomplices. Some suspect that the case in some fashion involved a right-wing cabal or even the FBI itself, driven on by the late J. Edgar Hoover, whose hatred of King has been well documented. Unless Ray is captured—alive—there may be no way to convince millions of



GERALD HOLLY—THE TENNESSEAN

RAY WHILE IN PRISON LAST MONTH
Always thinking escape.

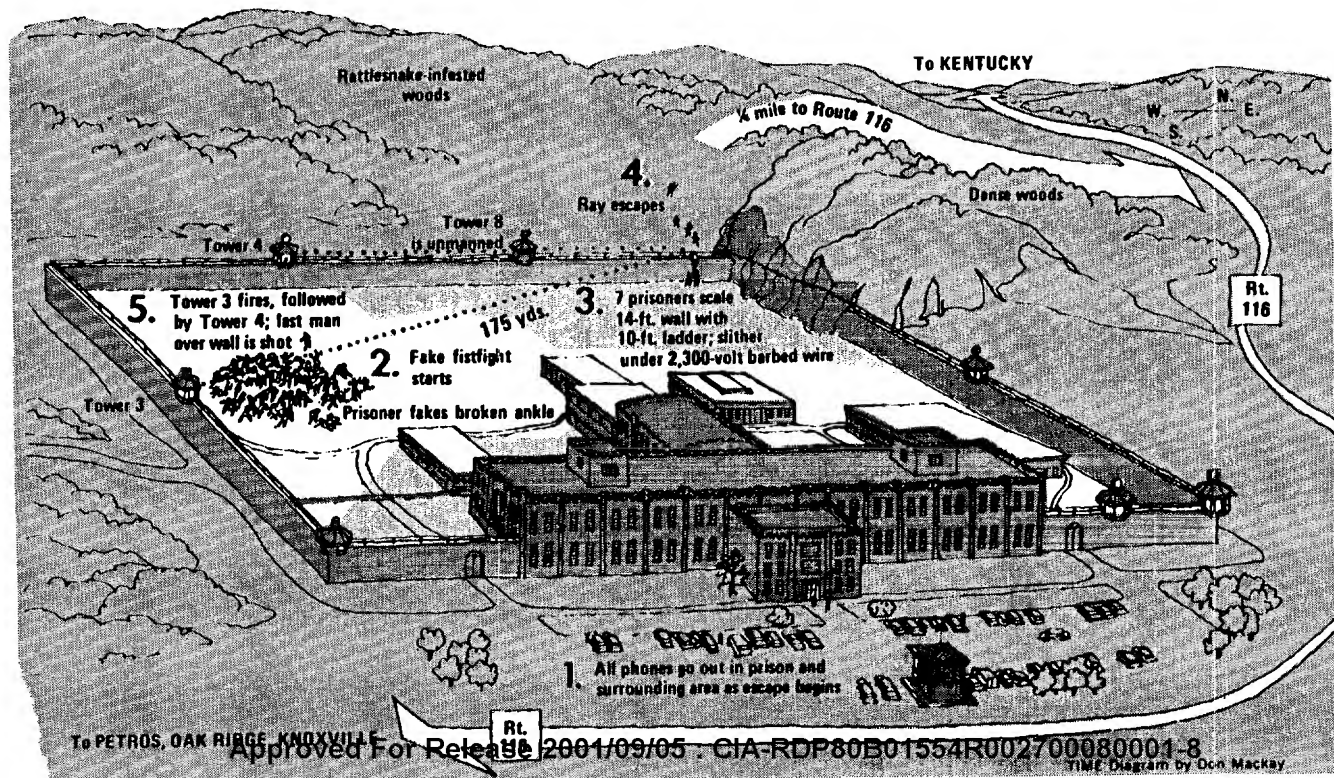
blacks, and not a few whites, that his escape was carried out in order to protect the true killers of King.

Right after the escape, black leaders voiced their suspicions that the break had been organized by people who hoped that it would end with Ray's death. The Rev. Ralph David Abernathy, who succeeded King as head of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, speculated that Ray could implicate "a lot of people in very high places

in this country." Added Abernathy: "Poor people and black people and good-thinking Americans are not going to be misled in believing that James Earl Ray could have escaped from a maximum-security institution."

One man who does think that Ray got help in fleeing is Warden Stonney Lane of Brushy Mountain prison, who told *TIME* that he thought the break had been assisted by some authority within the institution. Said he: "They would have *had* to be helped." Whoever organized the plot shrewdly waited until Lane was far away in Corpus Christi, Texas, taking his first vacation in five years. Lane said Ray was the first man over the wall. "What I want to know is: Why wasn't he shot at? They shot the last one." And Lane was convinced that Ray and the others would never have tried to flee unless someone was going to pick them up, probably on Route 116, a farm road that runs just a quarter-mile from the prison. Lane planned to conduct a thorough investigation to determine if one or more guards or officials in his prison had aided the escape.

The possibility that Ray may have had outside help in getting out of Brushy Mountain certainly did not mean that he had had help in killing King. Even so, the escape and the questionable circumstances surrounding it will focus more attention on the feeble efforts of the House Select Committee on Assassinations, which has been probing—with a notable lack of style, skill and success—the killings of King and John





A GUARD RUSHING TO STOP THE FIGHT STAGED AS A DIVERSION BEFORE THE BREAK
One after another, the men began making the long drop to freedom.

F. Kennedy. Staff investigators have interviewed Ray six times, and Chairman Louis Stokes of Ohio intended to call him to testify in public. Though Stokes will not reveal what Ray has told the committee, he insists that "We know there are people out there who would not want him to talk." Says Stokes, who is black: "My real concern is whether James Earl Ray was lured into this escape and, if so, whether for the purpose of killing him."

The prospect that Ray could be shot dead while at large deeply worried national leaders. According to a Justice Department source, Jimmy Carter and Attorney General Griffin Bell were "terrified" that a prison guard or a local deputy might spot Ray and kill him. If that happened, both the President and the Attorney General realize, there would be no way to convince the conspiracy theorists—whose ranks would certainly swell—that Ray had been anything other than a pawn manipulated by the real killers of Martin Luther King Jr.

The man on the run was interviewed at length two weeks before he made his break by Marsha Vanden Berg, a reporter for Nashville's *Tennessean*. She gave *TIME* a glimpse of what James Earl Ray was like—and of the life he led—just before his escape. He was dressed in prison blues and a gold windbreaker, and he looked fine, she recalls, "much better than his old pictures, and with good color in his face." His voice was high-pitched, and he spoke in short, broken sentences. His grammar was bad, but his mind was "clever and cunning." Ray rarely gestured, showed absolutely no sense of humor and projected the air of being a loner. He started out sitting

next to his latest attorney, Jack Kershaw of Nashville, but gradually inched away during the two-hour interview until he was all by himself at the end of the table.

Ray said he thought he was smarter than most of his fellow prisoners, while admitting that he was in prison because he was "stupid." He told how he spent most of his free time totally absorbed in his case, studying law books and court transcripts. Despite his monomania about his case, Ray admitted at one point that he was wearying of fighting losing legal battles. Said he: "I don't want to litigate this thing until I'm senile."

Clearly, Ray enjoyed being interviewed. "He loves attention," says Reporter Vanden Berg, "but doesn't like to show it." When the session was over, Ray underwent an immediate transformation. "You could see his shoulders droop when he started walking—no, shuffling—back to join the other convicts."

By all accounts, Ray had been a model prisoner lately—playing volleyball and lifting weights during his free time when he tired of his law books, which he studied so thoroughly that he sprinkled his conversations about his case with legalisms such as "exculpatory." He lately finished reading a book on cybernetics and two on hypnotism. In recent months, he was assigned to the laundry, showing no outward concern at having to work side by side with blacks.

Author George McMillan, who wrote *The Making of an Assassin* about Ray's life, says that in the parlance of old cons he was a "concrete prisoner"—someone who "knows the prison world perfectly, its values, the ad-

ments one has to make, how to get around." Largely for that reason, he was admired by many of the prisoners. However, he hung around with only a couple of friends, neither of whom made the big breakout with him.

Just before the escape, Ray was behaving like a man who had no plans to leave. His lawyer claims he was talking with some optimism about getting a new trial, and he had scheduled an interview with Brazilian television. But one certainty about Ray is that he is an escape artist and is constantly plotting flight (see box). Says McMillan: "He's a guy who studies every brick, crack in the wall and weak bar. He's a single-minded psychopath, and escape is always on his mind. He might be thinking about the law and appeals, but at the bottom he's always thinking escape."

From a distance, the prison that Ray escaped from looks like a child's cardboard castle—all neatly placed turrets and towers. Brushy Mountain, which sits at the base of three mountains, has two security features that are not readily apparent. The residents just down the road are mainly third- and fourth-generation Americans of Swiss or German descent, law-abiding and slow-talking people who are quick to point out anything or anyone strange to the sheriff over in the county seat of Wartburg, six miles from

DEPUTY WARDEN DISPLAYS ESCAPE LADDER





POLICE HELICOPTER SEARCHING AREA
Besieged by snakes.

the penitentiary. They are also proud of their prison; some of the residents train the bloodhounds used in tracking escaping convicts. Brushy Mountain's second feature is more daunting: it is an Alcatraz besieged by rattlesnakes and copperheads instead of sharks. Says one guard: "I've lived here all my life, and

you couldn't throw me into those mountains. You've pretty much got to know what you are doing to survive back there."

In 1972 the prison was closed because of a strike by the guards and was not reopened until 1976. Despite its well-known "escape-proof" reputation, Ray asked to be transferred there. At 4:30 p.m. on Friday, he and the other inmates of Block A filed into the dining hall to have a fish supper. They were then returned to their cells for a regular head count. At 6 p.m., the operations officer of the penitentiary picked up his microphone and yelled, "The yard!" The cell doors opened, and the prisoners moved out into the enclosed yard—about the size of two football fields. The men looked like sailors: they were wearing dark blue denim dungarees and light blue denim shirts.

The ladder had already been concealed on the western side of the yard. When the diversions began, Ray and the six others started moving toward the wall, and it was all over about as quickly as it began. At week's end prison officials were still not sure what had caused the phones to go dead at the critical moment.

Nearby residents learned about the escape in the time-honored way: the siren began to wail. But with the phones out, Assistant Warden Clayton Davis had to send a man those six miles by car to report the escape to the sheriff in Wartburg. Capturing the wounded pris-

oner Ward was no problem; he was right outside the wall. Local roads were swiftly blocked off. But prison officials needed 45 minutes before they could organize a full-scale search. With six bloodhounds in the lead, a posse started after the group, which had disappeared in the direction of Frozen Head Mountain.

One of the men who went over the wall with Ray was his cellmate, Earl Hill Jr., serving a life sentence for killing a policeman and raping his wife. But one of the mysteries of the break was that the other five apparently were little more than casual acquaintances of Ray's. They were all criminals with records of violence, and Ray normally kept apart from such convicts. Although Ray was thought to have been the first man up the ladder, prison officials believed that the leader of the group might have been Larry Hacker, 32, a man with a spider tattooed on his arm who was serving a sentence of 28 years for robbery with a deadly weapon.

Within an hour of the break, a guard handling four bloodhounds got close enough to some of the fugitives to hear them crashing through the brush, but they got away. The dogs picked up two sets of tracks, and the men seemed to be moving in circles. Still, they stayed just out of reach.

As the night wore on, the number of lawmen prowling the mountains rose

THE MOLE'S MANY ATTEMPTS

The man of a thousand schemes, James Earl Ray, has tirelessly tried to scratch, claw and dig his way out of jail so many times that fellow inmates nicknamed him "the Mole." He has made eight known escape attempts—and bungled most of them. His reported escapades, up until last week's getaway:

► Attempt to flee an Army stockade in October 1948, after arrest for drunkenness in his barracks.

► Attempted breakout from a courthouse in St. Louis, Dec. 15, 1959, as he was about to go on trial for a \$120 hold-up. Ray pushed an escort deputy violently away, fled through the building until a policeman stopped him at gunpoint.

► Attempted flight over the wall of the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City, on Nov. 19, 1961. Serving a 20-year sentence for armed robbery, Ray tried to scale the wall with a jerry-built ladder, but it collapsed.

► Another escape try from Missouri state pen, on March 10, 1966. Ray placed a dummy in his bed, shinnied up a pole to his cell window, used wire cutters to snip through the steel mesh, and crept through a

tilator. He hid there until the next night, but when he tried to leave, guards nabbed him.

► Successful getaway on April 23, 1967, from Missouri state pen. Ray claims he clambered up a water pipe and used a stolen steel hook to yank himself over the prison wall, but prison officials believe he hid in a large bread crate, and escaped in a delivery truck that carried the box out.

► Attempt to escape from Brushy Mountain Prison on May 3, 1971. Ray left a dummy in his cell, used tools provided by another inmate to remove a concrete block in his cell, crawled into an air chamber, ripped the bars from a ventilation fan and slipped into the prison courtyard. There, using a crowbar, he pried open a manhole cover to enter a steam tunnel leading out. But its 400° heat

► Second escape attempt from Brushy Mountain, Feb. 5, 1972. Ray somehow got a hammer and a home-made saw, tried to cut a hole through the wooden ceiling of a room next to an auditorium where prisoners were watching a movie. But the film ended before he finished, and he was caught.

RAY HIDING IN BREAD CRATE DURING 1967 MISSOURI ESCAPE



to 150. Five vanloads arrived carrying teams of specially trained state trooper SWAT teams. At the direction of Attorney General Bell, who stayed in close contact with the President, the FBI took charge of the case, and 75 agents moved quickly into the area. The FBI ordered in a special helicopter armed with an infra-red sensing device; it began roaming the area, hunting for minute changes in temperature on the forest floor that might be caused by the presence of men. In all, five helicopters flew over the area, occasionally whirring down to land on the baseball field outside the prison that the convicts share amiably with the local Little League team. Officials claimed they had sealed off a 10-sq.-mi. area, but other agents began taking the precautionary step of checking highways and airports in Georgia.

the Carolinas, Virginia and Kentucky.

At daybreak Saturday, Ray and the five others were still at large. Meanwhile, Brushy Mountain officials could pick up no clues on the prison grapevine. Said C. Murray Henderson, Tennessee corrections commissioner: "We are dealing for the most part with hardcore prisoners who live by an inmate code. They aren't going to tell anybody anything."

Then, at 1:45 p.m., a helicopter spotted a man walking by himself eight miles northwest of Brushy Mountain. A police car swiftly picked up David Powell, 27, a convicted murderer and the only black in the group. He offered no resistance. It turned out that he was the only convict from another cell block—he came from B—and guards theorized that he had had nothing to do with planning

the break, that he saw men going up a ladder and simply joined the crowd. After the break, the others told Powell to find his own way. Shortly after 2 on Sunday morning, searchers grabbed Hacker near a Baptist church, four miles east of the prison.

As this week began, helicopters were still buzzing angrily over the Tennessee mountains, and sweating officers and their bloodhounds were laboring slowly through the bush. Whatever happens, the clamor to find out how Ray managed to escape from a maximum-security prison is bound to go on. Even more disturbing, Americans will be wondering all over again, more seriously than ever, whether or not the wanted man had acted alone when he killed King. The case of James Earl Ray still has a long, long way to go.

THE QUESTION OF CONSPIRACY

James Earl Ray, the bungling petty gunman and burglar whose life of crime has been mostly one fizzle after another, was back where he had always longed to be: at the center of national attention. With his renewed prominence, painful memories—and nagging questions—flooded back concerning his slaying of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. on a Memphis motel balcony on April 4, 1968.

Now all the little questions within the big question—Did he really conceive and carry out the assassination of King alone?—would loom large once more. Where did this inept criminal get the money to finance his year of flight, from

April 23, 1967, when he broke out of the Missouri State Penitentiary in Jefferson City, through the slaying of King and Ray's arrest at London's Heathrow Airport on June 8, 1968? Where did he pick up the savvy to adopt four clever aliases in Canada during that flight and then acquire a passport to travel to London and Lisbon, eluding for so long one of the most massive man hunts in modern times?

The seeming paradox of the two-bit thief who destroyed one of America's heroic figures is certain to tantalize imaginative minds forever. Ray grew up in a farm shack near Ewing, Mo., in an impoverished, quarreling family that in his

early years struggled to survive. His father at times worked at local hauling jobs with a pickup truck, and as a railroad hand. He had also spent two years in prison for larceny. Ray turned to crime, following the precedent of his father, an uncle and a brother. His parents split in 1952, after his mother had become an alcoholic.

Ray grew into such an incompetent criminal that he dropped telltale identification at the site of one break-in; got lost after a holdup and drove his getaway car back into the robbery neighborhood, to be pursued and caught by surprised police; was caught another time when he re-entered the window of



ATTENDANTS PUT FATALLY WOUNDED KING ON A STRETCHER



Approved For Release (2001/09/05) : CIA-RDP80B01554R002700080001-8

a business as he tried to steal more items from a place he had already robbed. Despite his reputation as an escape artist, most of his many efforts ended in frustration (see box).

Beyond that background, another reason that questions persist is that no official investigation has even attempted to lay out publicly all the details of Ray's involvement in King's murder. When Ray pleaded guilty in court on March 10, 1969, Tennessee prosecutors merely declared that they had examined all the evidence compiled by local and state police, the FBI and even international agencies and concluded that "we have no proof other than that Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was killed by James Earl Ray and James Earl Ray alone, not in concert with anyone else." Ray's attorney at the time, the flamboyant Percy Foreman, said he had grilled Ray for some 50 hours, checked all his expenses "down to 75¢ for a shave and a haircut," and reluctantly concluded that Ray had had no help killing King.

But after telling the Memphis judge that he had indeed shot King, Ray injected an objection that has fanned conspiracy theories ever since. He said he did not agree with the conclusions, cited by Foreman, of the Tennessee attorney general, U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark and FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover that there was no conspiracy. But Ray refused to elaborate.

Although Judge W. Preston Battle failed to pursue Ray's tantalizing reservation, he did repeatedly ask Ray if he understood just what he was admitting and that he was waiving forever his right to a trial. Said Ray: "Yes, sir." The judge: "Has anything besides your sentence of 99 years in the penitentiary been promised to you to get you to plead guilty?" Ray: "No, no one has used pressure."

Later, in letters that he wrote to his biographer William Bradford Huie, Ray claimed that he had merely followed directions from a man he had met in a Montreal bar after his escape from the Missouri prison. Ray claimed he knew the blond Latin stranger only as "Raoul." He told Huie that Raoul had asked him to smuggle unnamed contraband into the U.S. from both Canada and Mexico, then buy a car and a rifle in Birmingham, and finally to drive to Memphis and check into a sleazy rooming house facing the Lorraine Motel, where King was staying. Ray insisted later to his lawyers that he was not even in the room overlooking the motel when King was shot. He was fixing the spare tire on his car. Ray contended that Raoul must have done the shooting.

Without Ray's confession, the case against him was strong but circumstantial. There was no doubt he had bought the rifle and binoculars left near the scene of the crime; he had rejected a room in the rooming house that he had



POLICE VAN CARRIES RAY FROM LONDON COURT THAT APPROVED EXTRADITION IN 1968

have a view of the Lorraine before taking one that did, was seen near the murder site within minutes of the killing. No one actually saw him fire the rifle, of course, and the bullet that killed King was too fragmented to be conclusively linked with the gun, which bore Ray's fingerprints.

Hiring and firing various attorneys, Ray fought in vain for a trial, claiming that Foreman had pressured him into confessing. Foreman concedes that he advised Ray that both the evidence and the outraged mood of the country were so strong against him that he probably would be sentenced to death if he insisted on a trial at first, instead of admitting his guilt. Last year Ray's attempt to withdraw his guilty plea and gain a trial was rejected by both the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Sixth Judicial Circuit and the U.S. Supreme Court. At the time of his escape, Ray had virtually no prospect at all of ever being freed from prison through the judicial system.

Indeed, as the chances of a House committee investigation grew, Ray began to hint that he had concocted the story about Raoul. Before Richard Sprague, the veteran Philadelphia prosecutor, resigned as counsel to the House Select Committee in a flurry of internecine committee bickering, Sprague interviewed Ray in prison three times. Sprague said they were beginning to develop a rapport. After these interviews, Sprague concluded that Raoul "does not and did not exist." Ray did insist, however, that he had had some help from unnamed others while he was a fugitive in Canada, Portugal and England after King's death. The notion, however, that Ray was about to reveal sensational conspiracy details to House investigators at the time of his escape last week has no basis in fact.

Author Huie, who at first promoted Ray's Raoul story in a series of magazine articles, later concluded in a book, *He Slew the Dreamer*, that Ray had misled him. Huie decided that Ray had acted alone in killing King. But what had motivated Ray? Huie, who



RAY AS A TENNESSEE PRISONER IN 1969
Difficult to still the doubts.

he was just a small-time career crook determined to impress the big shots in his chosen profession by scoring one major hit.

George McMillan, a freelance writer and investigative reporter, came up with a somewhat different, although not conflicting motivation after probing Ray's relatives and prison associates for seven years. He found fellow convicts who described Ray as a racist. They claimed Ray had often talked in prison about getting the man whom Ray called "the big nigger." To McMillan, Ray may have been a bumbler as a thief, but he grew shrewd in the ways of prison life and earned much money dealing in drugs and other contraband behind the walls. McMillan claims Ray sent about \$6,500 out of prison from such earnings—and that this money later largely financed his travels as a fugitive (TIME, Jan. 26, 1976).

So far no one has presented any evidence that anyone else helped Ray plot

the murder of King or instigated the crime. After reading the various accounts of other writers on Ray's activities before and after the murder, Freelancers Jeff Cohen and David S. Lifton claimed in a *New Times* article last April that Raoul probably was Ray's brother Jerry, who works at a country club near Chicago. They base that theory—a matter of pure conjecture—on the sequence of Ray's various mentions of both Raoul and his brother in these accounts. They also note that Jerry much later became a driver and bodyguard for J.B. Stoner, of Savannah, Ga., a racist who publishes the National States Rights Party's ultra right-wing *Thunderbolt* magazine. The implication is that King's murder was some kind of far-right conspiracy.

Conspiracy theories have also been advanced by Attorney Mark Lane, who has earned a lucrative living over the past 13½ years by exploiting all the uncertainties over both the J.F.K. and the King assassinations. In May he published a book, *Code Name: "Zorro."* with Comedian Dick Gregory, another assassination buff, which portrays Ray as the fall guy for the real assassins, who of course are not remotely identified.

The indefatigable Lane has been largely responsible for convincing influential blacks that the King case needs official restudy. He persuaded King's widow Coretta that there was unspecified new evidence warranting an investigation. Her support influenced the Congressional Black Caucus to push creation of the House Select Committee on Assassinations. Incredibly, when that committee was first set up, it offered the job of chief counsel to the totally biased Lane. Even he realized his acceptance would destroy the investigation's credibility, and the job was offered to Richard Sprague. The highly independent Sprague sought an unreasonably large budget, fought fiercely

with the committee's equally stubborn chairman, Texan Henry Gonzales—and both chairman and prosecutor were replaced. The committee still exists but shows little promise of pursuing a judicious inquiry.

One extensive review of the King case was made in 1976 by the Justice Department under Attorney General Edward Levi. It was prompted mainly by revelations that the FBI had conducted a highly personal crusade against King on the orders of J. Edgar Hoover. King's hotel rooms had been bugged by the FBI and, incredibly, the tapes were circulated in Washington. Hoover's hatred of King fueled speculation that the FBI might have been behind the killing or failed to investigate it thoroughly.

The Justice Department's report, released last February after Levi's departure, concluded that King's privacy had been invaded by the FBI surveillance, although it said the fact that "one alleged Communist was a very influential adviser to Dr. King" was sufficient reason for the FBI to be interested in his activities. As for the murder, the Justice report concluded that the FBI's investigation "was thoroughly, honestly and successfully conducted." The report concluded: "The sum of all the evidence of Ray's guilt points to him so exclusively that it most effectively makes the point that no one else was involved."

The report concedes a loophole: "Of course, someone could conceivably have provided him [Ray] with logistics, or even paid him to commit the crime. However, we have found no competent evidence upon which to base such a theory."

Certainly, the questions about "logistics" are valid. Author McMillan's contention that Ray supported himself as a fugitive mostly from the proceeds of his prison smuggling sounds convincing, although it has not been supported by official investigators. The general claim by FBI and police sources that he

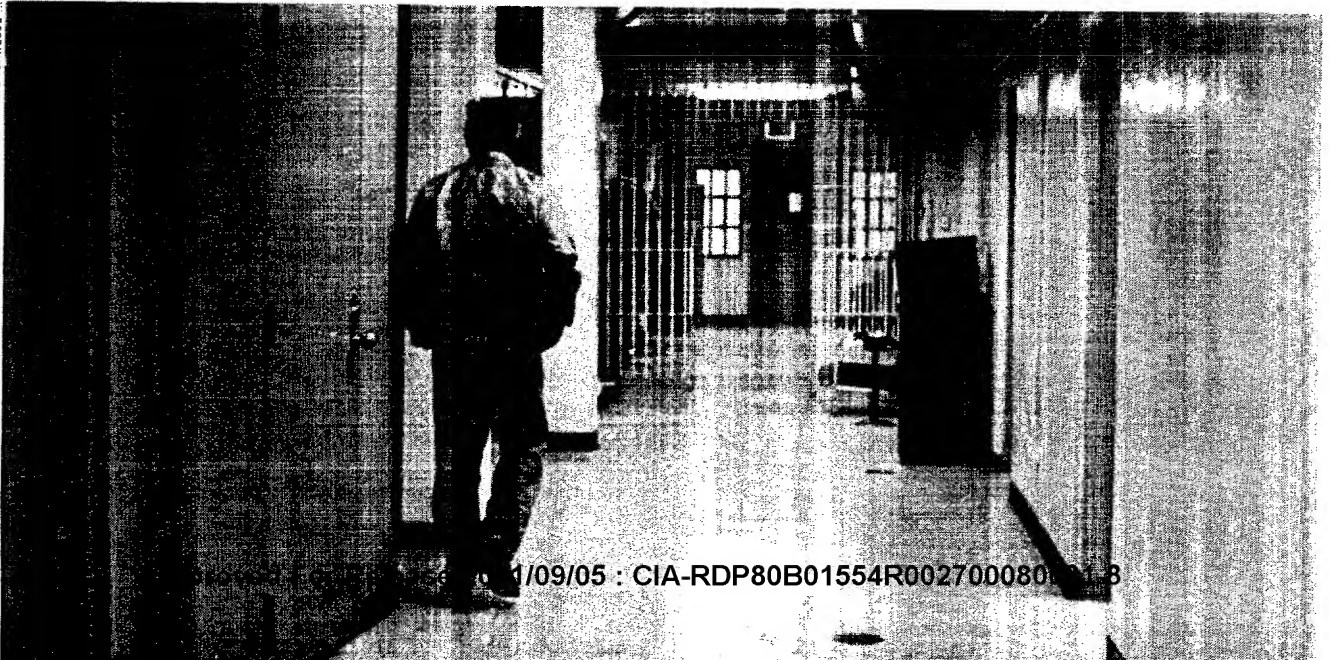
lived, as usual, mainly off holdups and burglaries while in flight lacks persuasiveness; no such crimes by Ray have been pinpointed, although there is evidence that he robbed a bank in London shortly before his capture.

Some reporters have concluded that he obtained aliases in Canada during his flight merely by looking up birth announcements in old newspapers at a Toronto library and selecting the names of persons about his age. As for his ready access to a passport, he apparently acquired it under a then common Canadian procedure of swearing that he was indeed the "Ramon George Sneyd" whom he claimed to be. The real Sneyd recalled getting a mysterious phone call from someone asking if he had a passport; presumably Ray was taking a precaution against asking for a passport for a man who already had one.

As Ray's latest escape focuses new attention on all the lingering questions, it may well give new urgency to an official and detailed review of the case. Yet there is serious doubt that such a political body as a House committee is the proper base from which to conduct a credible probe. Certainly, the behavior so far of the House group charged with that duty raises questions about its objectivity and devotion to a responsible inquiry. Some nonpolitical, nongovernmental special commission would seem a better means of getting at the truth.

It would be ideal, of course, if James Earl Ray, finally convinced of the futility of concealing all of the details of his involvement in King's murder and of breaking out of prisons, would lay all the facts on the line in a persuasive way. But after all the twists and turns in his story so far, who would believe him? Moreover, no investigation of any sort is likely to still the doubts of the Mark Lanes and the others who live in the mental world of conspiracy.

CONFESSED KILLER JAMES EARL RAY IN FAMILIAR SETTING—BRUSHY MOUNTAIN STATE PRISON—LAST MONTH



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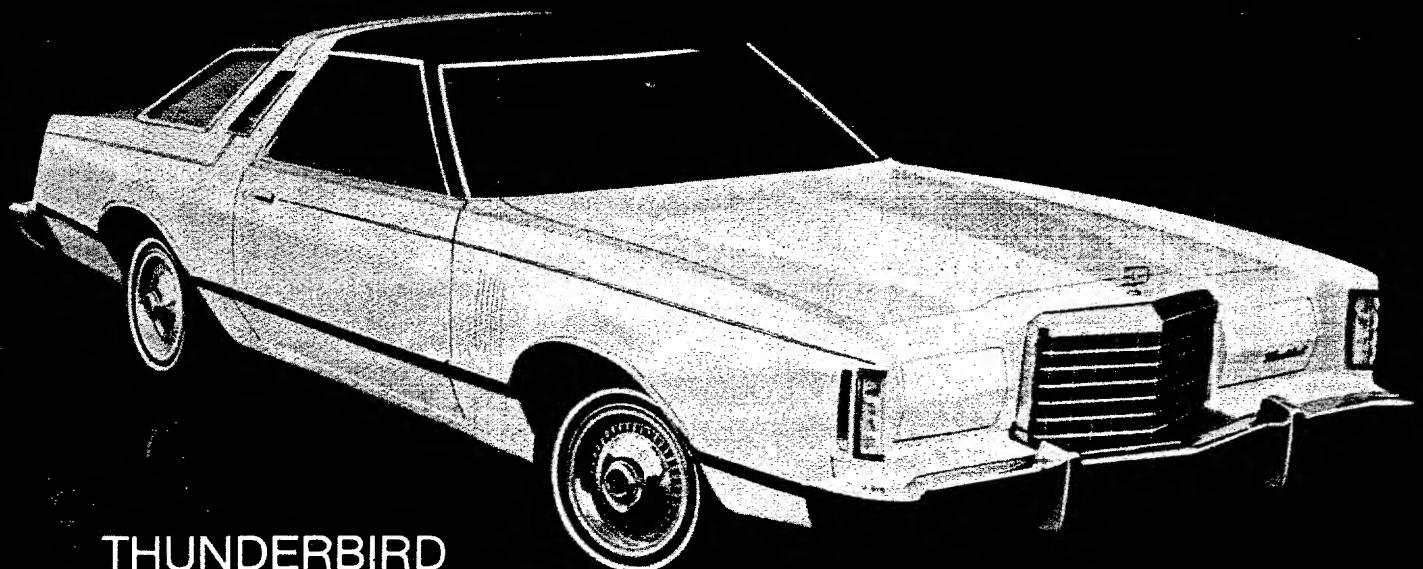
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IBM Reports

Information: a resource that's helping us manage our other resources better.

World population is increasing at more than 200,000 every day. It is expected to double in the next 25 years. Where will the additional food come from? What of the other resources needed to sustain economic growth and provide a better life for the individual on this shrinking planet?

The supply of many of our resources is finite, and our rate of use, alarming. For example, consumption of mineral resources has been soaring throughout the world. This country alone has consumed more minerals and mineral fuels in the last 30 years than all of mankind used in all previous history.

Finding new deposits of these finite resources—and, where possible, developing alternate sources—must obviously go hand in hand with more careful management of what we consume. Supplies of replenishable resources—food, fibers, timber—can fortunately be expanded by human effort, but the required scale of increase poses an awesome challenge.

Most critical of all, the sustaining resources of life itself—air, water and land—must be protected from mounting dangers in our ever more crowded, more industrialized world.

In the struggle to manage our resources more effectively, information is proving to be an immensely valuable ally. Thanks to rapidly advancing information technology, it has become a vital resource in its own right.

Information is the essence of IBM's business: providing products to record it, process it, communicate it, store it, and retrieve it.

Computers are being used in the effort to locate new sources of oil, gas and minerals. They are being used to explore ways to apply solar and geothermal energy, to maximize hydroelectric power output and to reduce energy consumption in buildings without sacrificing comfort or safety.

Computers are processing information about soil chemistry, climate, pest resistance and plant genetics—helping in the campaign to produce more abundant food crops. They are aiding in smog control, investigating ozone depletion, contributing to improved water purification.

There are many other examples. All, like these, have been made possible by innovation in information technology.

Clearly, better management through modern information technology is only part of the solution to our resource problems. But it is an important part.

IBM will continue to advance technology in many areas to develop better ways to help people use the vital and productive resource called information.



THE CIA

An Old Salt Opens Up the Pickle Factory

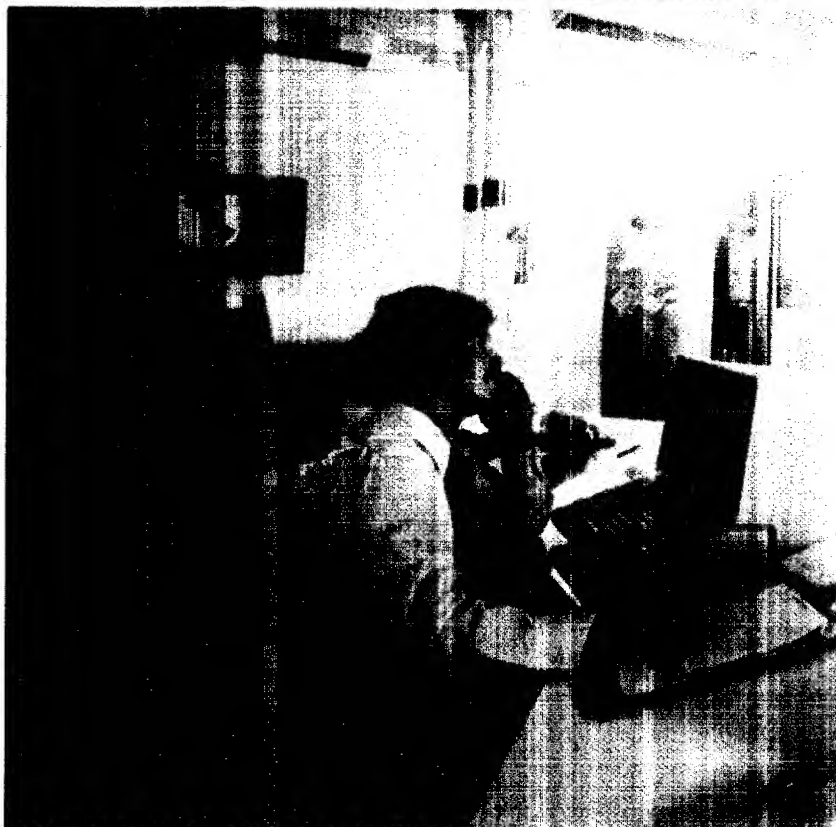
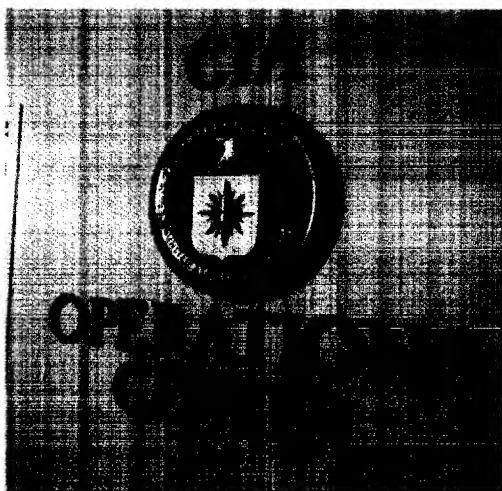
No one knows whether CIA spooks wind up in heaven or hell when they die, but wherever they are, they must be rattling their bones in protest. Barely a decade ago, almost no high officials in Washington talked directly about the Central Intelligence Agency. It was obliquely referred to as "the pickle factory" or "our friends" or "across the river" or, more openly, "the agency" or "the company." When the CIA's \$46 million headquarters opened along George Washington Memorial Parkway in sub-

urban Langley, Va., in 1961, the deceptive highway sign said only BPR, for Bureau of Public Roads. Even Soviet KGB agents laughed at that. Finally the sign was changed to read: CIA. Now candor has gone further. For the first time, a photographer—from TIME—has been allowed to take some pictures of the people and operations inside the pickle factory. Guided public tours of Langley may soon be held, if only on Saturdays, but agents unready to come in out of the cold will be warned to stay out of

sight to avoid a happenchance recognition by touring friends.

Visitors will find that Langley looks much like other airport-modern Government office buildings. It has more guards than most (including some behind thick glass walls on the executive floor), more desktop boxes with various-colored covers to conceal their contents, more plastic wastebaskets whose contents are for burning, more locked cabinets, steel vaults and restricted areas. Tourists presumably will not see the

A SIGN CLEARLY MARKS THE CIA'S SENSITIVE NERVE CENTER; MAIN CORRIDORS AT LANGLEY ARE BRIGHT, WIDE & LONG



more arcane laboratories, operations and communications centers, and photo-interpretation rooms.

The agency, hurt by revelations of its abuses of power both abroad and at home, is on a much needed public relations campaign. Of greater significance, the CIA is sailing on more open waters under its new director, Admiral Stansfield Turner, 53. As he told TIME Correspondents Strobe Talbott and Bruce Nelan in an interview, "We operate well when the public is well informed. The information we have which need not be classified should be in the public domain. The public has paid to get it."

In Turner's view, the CIA is indeed like a company. He says that it has

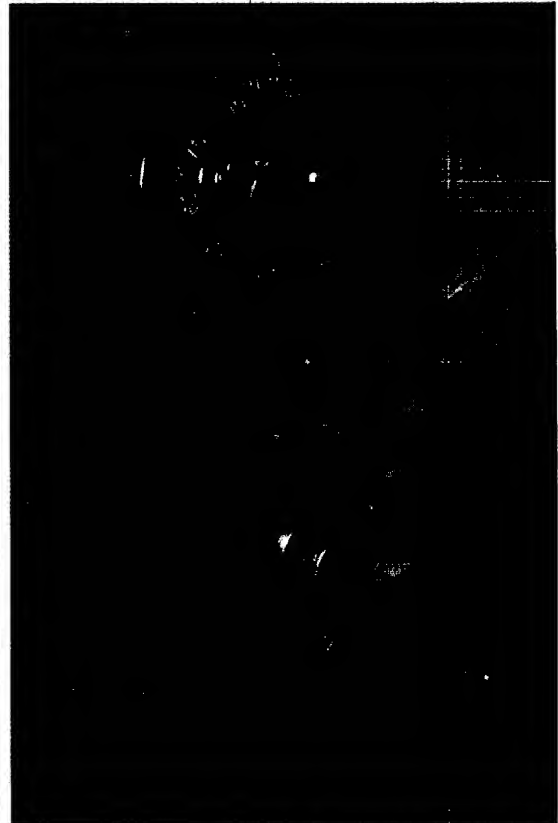
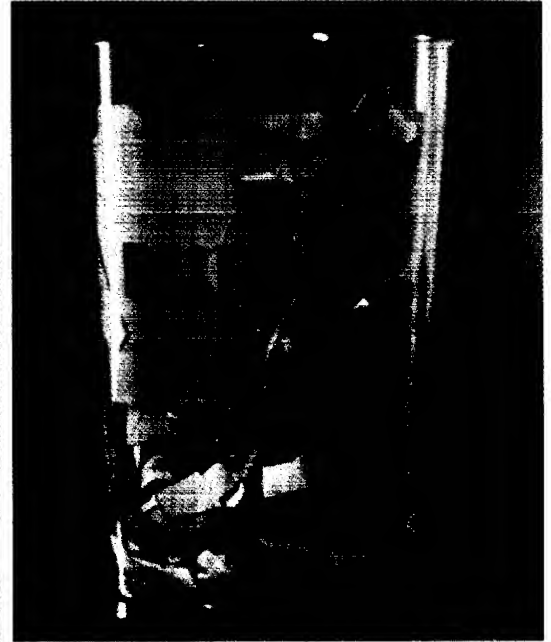
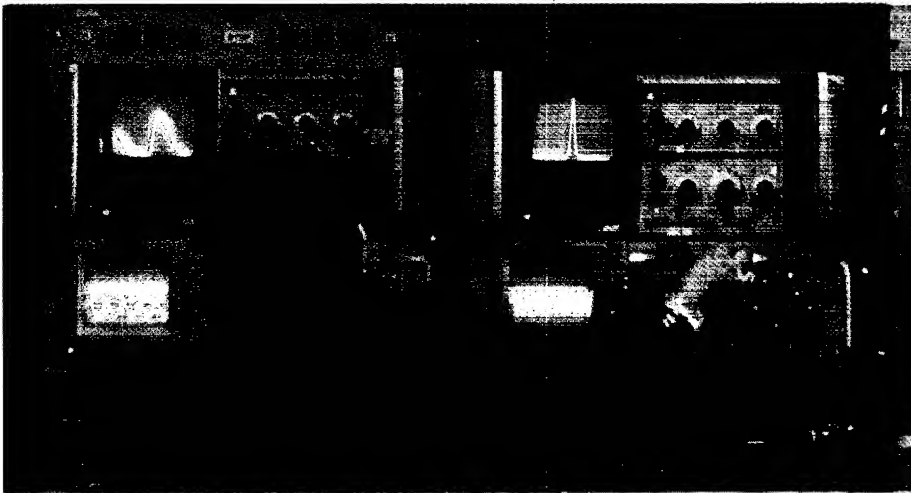
"a product"—international information and analysis—which it should share with its "customers": the nation's military strategists, its civilian policymakers, headed by the President, and, at least in some instances, all Americans. Explains Turner: "I think we need to sell our product to our customers more, and I think we need to expand our service to other customers—including the public."

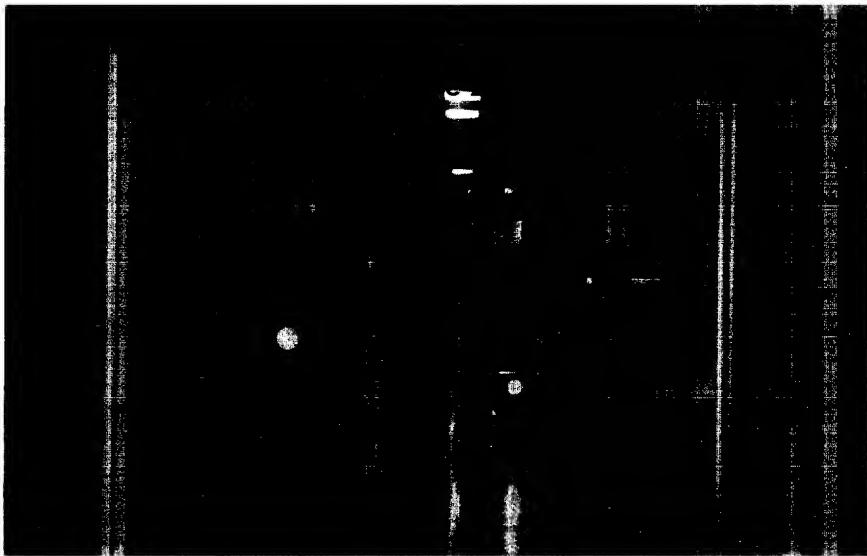
The notion that public relations is a legitimate CIA function worries many oldtimers. Though the agency has always had a p.r. official of some sort, it did not formally admit so, and he was rarely helpful to the press. But as the CIA was drawn into public controversies, the office became more professional and

more open. Now p.r. is expanding to an 18-member staff under Herbert E. Hetu, a retired Navy captain.

Turner readily recognizes that all the new salesmanship will be useless unless the CIA improves its product. And while the CIA's shrouded world of spies and its secret efforts to influence political events abroad have been widely criticized, its more basic function of supplying reliable intelligence has been faulty too. TIME's Talbott and Nelan asked top officials in the White House, State Department and Defense Depart-

ELECTRONIC GEAR ANALYZES SOVIET RADAR SIGNALS; BURN BASKETS IN OFFICES





ELECTRIC CARTS WITH SAFETY LIGHTS DELIVER PAPERS AT CIA HEADQUARTERS

ment who regularly receive CIA analyses to grade the agency's work. The report card:

For highly technical military or economic facts: A.

For political intelligence on breaking developments: B.

For long-term, "over-the-horizon" forecasts of future global problems: C.

For political predictions: D.

Contends a National Security Council official: "The agency is best when there's something very specific you want to know, preferably a question that can be answered with numbers—or at least with nouns. The fewer adverbs and adjectives in a CIA report, the more useful it tends to be."

Specialists in arms control, for example, credit the agency with providing what one calls "a good factual and technical base" on developments in Soviet military research and strategic weaponry. Says an Administration expert in So-

viet affairs: "The information provided by the CIA and the rest of the intelligence community has provided the whole foundation for our position in the SALT talks."

But the Kremlinologists note that the CIA failed to anticipate the sharp Soviet rejection of President Carter's sweeping arms-limitation proposals, carried to Moscow by Secretary of State Cyrus Vance (the State Department itself should have foreseen this). Nor did the agency predict the political demise last month of Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny. Carter was annoyed at the CIA's failure to forecast the Likud coalition's upset victory in last month's Israeli election. In China, the CIA seemed surprised by the rise of Chairman Hua Kuo-feng, the vilification of Madame Mao and the rehabilitation of Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-p'ing. "The wide-scope stuff tends to be soft and mushy," says a National Security Council offi-

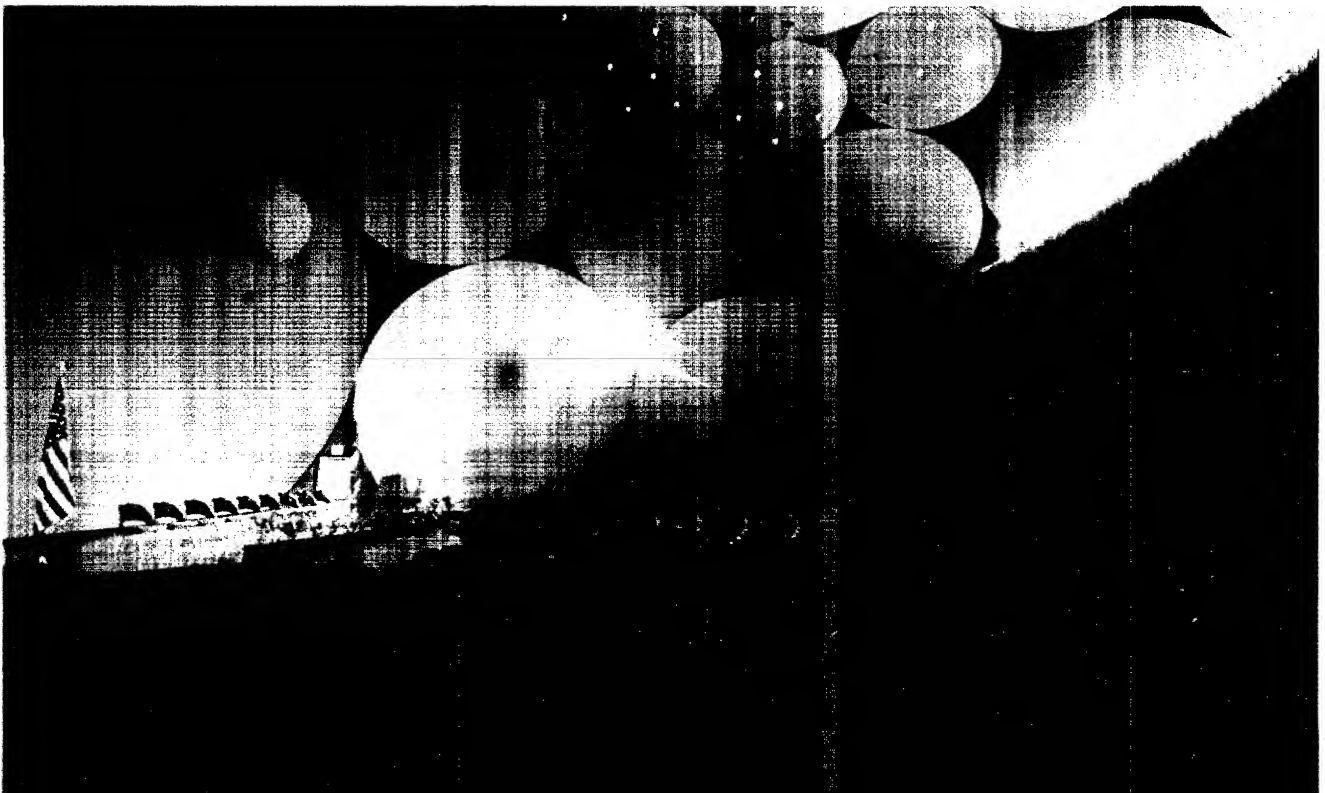
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cer. "It just doesn't do us much good." A CIA official concedes that "there's a lot of bureaucratic ass-covering that goes on when guys write long-range stuff. They don't want to be wrong, so they tend to be glib and platitudinous." Yet many Government officials say that CIA experts are much more explicit and insightful when they make verbal assessments—in meetings or on the phone—and do not have to write and file reports that could come back to haunt them.

Competing Daily. But papers are a CIA staple. Each day the agency provides two classified intelligence summaries. One, called the "President's Daily Brief," goes to only five people: Carter, Vice President Walter Mondale, Vance, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown and National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski. The other, the "National Intelligence Daily," omits a few supersecret items and circulates to about 100 high officials. Yet at the White House, a competing daily intelligence summary from the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research (INR) is considered superior. The INR staff was shaped and honed by former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, and is described by one White House staff member as "leaner and more self-confident" than the CIA.

The CIA also contributes heavily to periodic papers called "National Intelligence Estimates," which attempt to pull together the expertise of all the U.S. intelligence-gathering agencies, including those in the military services, on specific topics. The agencies' main aim has been to assess Soviet strategic capabilities and, more significant, Russia's intentions. These reports were read crit-

MODERNISTIC AUDITORIUM IS HOUSED IN GIANT "BUBBLE" NEXT TO THE AGENCY'S MAIN BUILDING AT LANGLEY



ically by Kissinger, who sometimes penciled in the margin "flabby" or "bureaucratic bullshit." They are still held in low esteem at the White House.

Aware of these failings, Turner, whose two-hat job as CIA chief and director of Central Intelligence gives him leadership of the entire intelligence community, has recruited two top assistants for tough assignments:

► Robert Bowie, a Harvard political scientist and director of State Department policy planning under President Eisenhower, will concentrate on overhauling and improving the "National Intelligence Estimates."

► Robert ("Rusty") Williams, a management consultant and longtime friend of Turner's, will review and recommend changes in the agency's directorate of operations, the much criticized unit that carries out covert operations.

Yet it is Turner's promise to make greater public use of CIA expertise that is the most striking change. The first such move was the declassification of the CIA's assessment of worldwide oil and gas reserves. Agency veterans fear that making studies public may reveal their secret information-gathering techniques and sources. But Deputy Director Henry Knoche, a CIA career man and its second-ranking official, argues that "there are ways of more adroitly writing our reports so we don't give away sources and methods, but can impart our conclusions." Turner believes too much secrecy makes it harder to keep the sig-

nificant secrets. Says he: "The less we classify, the better off we are in protecting what we have to protect."

There is one CIA weakness for which Turner has no ready solution: detecting and countering the efforts of foreign intelligence agents to acquire U.S. secrets. The weakness stems in part from a shake-up in which veteran counterspies were replaced. The shifts took place before Turner arrived, but Knoche believes such work requires a periodic turnover of agents who will go all-out for a time and then take on other duties. Explains Knoche: "The work by its nature—where you constantly have to build negative or paranoid assumptions—can almost guarantee a form of illness."

Overall Czar. Another problem is the prohibition against CIA investigations of spying within the U.S. By law, that is an FBI duty. "The textbooks say the two agencies shall consult," says Knoche, "but the relationships of people involved at the working level may differ. We may keep book on a Soviet intelligence operative in Geneva, but the minute he transfers, say, to the Soviet U.N. mission in New York, we notify the FBI, and then it's over to them. But the guy following it in New York may not get himself sexed up about it at all." Yet Knoche concedes that giving one unit control of both internal security and counterintelligence abroad "would be too much power for one department."

No proposal is in the works for that

kind of centralized authority. But the creation of an overall intelligence czar with Cabinet-level status is being considered favorably. This intelligence boss would supervise the budgets of all the intelligence agencies, including those in the military.

A parallel proposal is being worked out by a Senate subcommittee under Kentucky's Walter Huddleston. The plan would also: create a National Security Council subcommittee to review proposals for covert operations; ban the hiring of outsiders to conduct illegal acts abroad (such as burglaries and antigovernment protests), prohibit political assassinations and require the FBI to secure federal court orders before conducting surveillance of suspected spies.

Congress and the White House must still work out how much control the new czar should have over military intelligence officials. A gentlemanly argument is developing between Turner and Defense Secretary Brown over this. But some trends are clear. The director of Central Intelligence will be strengthened; his control over budgets, assignments and the collection of information will be tightened; and he almost certainly will be Admiral Stansfield Turner.

STANLEY TRETICK



TURNER IN HIS LANGLEY OFFICE

'We Have to Be More Intelligent'

Even when he is in mufti, his erect military bearing is obvious. And as Admiral Stansfield Turner passes military men in the CIA's spacious corridors, they often salute automatically. When he descends from his seventh-floor office in a private, key-operated elevator and steps into his sedan, the chauffeur calls him "Admiral" rather than "Director." Turner likes it that way. After 34 years in the Navy, he is all salt.

The admiral and his wife Patricia are living in an officer's house at the Washington Navy Yard. He plays tennis at 6:45 a.m. twice a week on Navy courts with a neighbor, Vice Admiral Robert Monroe. He jogs in the evening with his golden retriever Hornblower, occasionally plays squash at the Pentagon.

Some veteran CIA hands complain that the naval invasion of CIA has gone too far. Turner's executive assistant, two special assistants, his speechwriter and his staff schedulermakers are all on active Navy duty. His public affairs chief is a retired Navy captain. In what even an aide says was a mistake, Turner brought in his son Geoffrey, 29, a Navy lieutenant, to work temporarily at the CIA until he enters the Naval Defense Intelligence

School in Monterey, Calif., this fall. Turner points out that Geoffrey is not replacing anyone at the CIA and gets only his regular Navy pay. The admiral sees the assignment as a chance "to have a little fun, with a father and son having something in common to talk about and share."

While much attention has centered on Turner's Annapolis ties with President Carter, the two were not friends there and met only once between their graduation in 1946 and his selection by Carter as CIA director. Turner is, however, working to develop a closer relationship. Although CIA directors have always carried the extra title of director of Central Intelligence, Turner is the first to use an office away from Langley for his broader D.C.I. duties. This second rack for his second hat is a suite of five rooms in the Old Executive Office Building next to the White House. He spends at least a fourth of his working hours there and sees Carter alone for a half-hour every Tuesday and Friday. He also sits in on Monday Cabinet meetings.

Turner bristles at the suggestion that he should have resigned from the Navy in taking the CIA post. To have done so,

he says, "would have been a charade," since an officer can return to active duty later. Apparently in line to become the intelligence czar, he scoffs at the notion that he is merely waiting for the job of Chief of Naval Operations or Chairman of the Joint Chiefs to open up. "Ridiculous!" he says. "I can do as much here for the good of the country as I can in any military assignment." And why? Says he: "Thirty years ago, we were hands-down the predominant military power. We were a totally independent economic power. We were the dominant power in the political sphere. Today we aren't predominant to that degree or anything like it. That isn't necessarily bad, but it means we have to be more intelligent."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Jimmy Battles the Barons

Democrat Jimmy Carter and the Democratic Congress appear to be headed for collision. Chief issue: determined to balance the budget by the end of his first term, Carter, the fiscal conservative, is clipping away at congressional spending.

The more liberal Congress is on the verge of passing three bills that could exceed his spending plans by \$3.5 billion—and he may well veto one or more of them. Paying no heed to the President's protest that various dams, canals and irrigation projects are too costly and environmentally damaging, the House restored 17 of the 18 projects on his final list; the Senate is expected to restore more than half. The White House seems to be virtually itching to veto the wasteful measure when it reaches Carter's desk. Says a presidential aide: "There's no way Congress can win on that one.

Even if they should override him, he wins." Democratic Senator James Abourezk agrees because "the Congress is mistakenly held in such low regard by the public."

Carter's reaction to the other bills is less certain. He wants lower farm price supports than Congress' \$2.90 per bu. of wheat, v. \$3 voted by a House committee and \$3.10 by the Senate. If the Senate levels prevail, a veto is possible, and it would probably not be overridden. The \$61.3 billion labor and health, education and welfare bill, which provides \$2.1 billion more than Carter wants to spend, is a closer call. If the President vetoes it, he will look like a flinthearted conservative to many liberals. The White House is divided over what to do. Issues Coordinator Stu Eizenstat is urging the President to sign the bill, but Bert Lance, the budget chief, is

telling him to draw the line to help control inflation.

Rejecting these measures would bring still more trouble for other Carter proposals, notably his call for a consumer protection agency and registration of voters on Election Day; passage of both seems doubtful. Farther down the road, Congress could sabotage the foreign aid bill and a Panama Canal treaty. Last week the House Ways and Means Committee sliced up Carter's much heralded program to ease the fuel crisis, and that provoked the President to publicly criticize Congress (see ENERGY).

Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd complains that the President's energy program "was not thought out." He also feels that Carter states lofty goals, then fails to follow through; that he is trying too much without knowing enough. As Byrd told TIME Correspondent Neil MacNeil, "He's getting good on-the-job training, but he has so little experience that there may not be time to learn enough."

While Carter's energy program is

Rosalynn Takes a Message Home

Wherever she went, she listened carefully—and urged heads of state and their minions to express themselves freely. "You can be blunt," she would say. "Go ahead, that's what I'm here for." Throughout her 13-day tour of Latin America and the Caribbean, Rosalynn Carter managed to establish a frank rapport with her hosts. She achieved her goal of convincing top leaders that President Carter wants to improve long-

neglected relations with Latin nations.

Like leaders of other governments along the tour, Venezuela's President Carlos Andrés Pérez said he was "pleasantly surprised" by the "extraordinary woman." Brazilian officials gave their poised and well-briefed visitor high marks for her meetings with President Ernesto Geisel. Said one diplomat: "This lady knows what she's talking about. She asks the right questions and has the right answers. There's no fooling around." Speaking her mind, the First Lady re-emphasized to Geisel her husband's concern about nuclear proliferation. The Brazilians resent Carter's opposition to

their plans to buy comprehensive nuclear fuel facilities abroad.

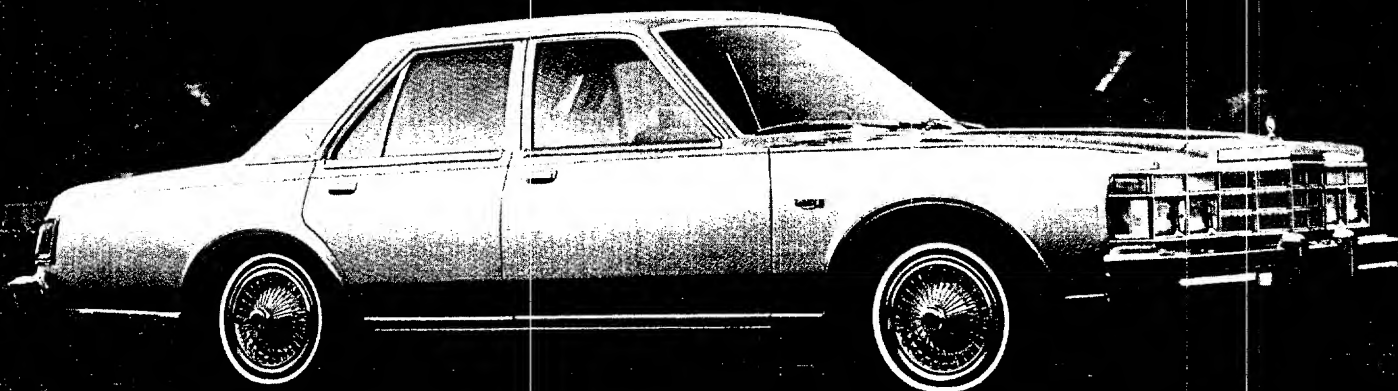
Rosalynn clearly established the point that her husband is determined to make the encouragement of human rights a key part of his foreign policy despite the danger of exacerbating relations with some countries. In Recife, Brazil, Rosalynn met with two American missionaries—the Rev. Lawrence Rosebaugh, 42, a Roman Catholic priest, and Thomas Tapuano, 24, a Mennonite worker—who had been jailed on trumped-up charges and mistreated for four days. "I have listened to their experience," she said later, "and I sympathize with them." She added, as she had at all her stops, "I have a personal message to take back to Jimmy."

ROSALYNN GREETING BRAZILIAN KIDS...



... & MEETING AMERICAN MISSIONARIES FREED FROM PRISON IN RECIFE





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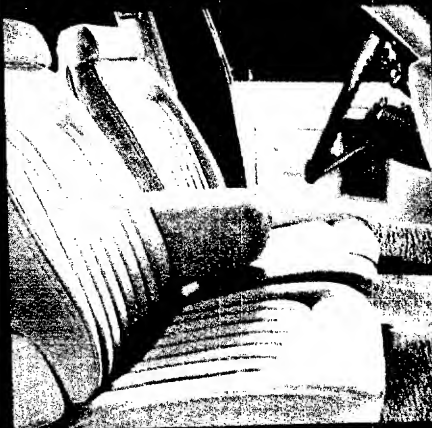
CHRYSLER LEBARON. THE BEGINNING OF
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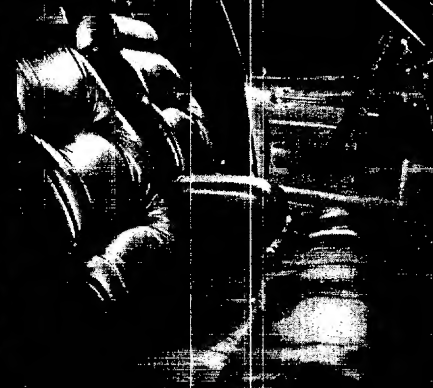
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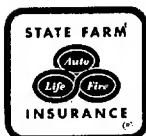
And if they should ever require individual health coverage, Ken adds, "I'd certainly talk to Deane first."

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Back then, few careers gave women the opportunity to supervise others.

You've come a long way, baby.

VIRGINIA SLIMS

Slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke.



Fashions: Roos Van Den Akker Couture

16 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av.
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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certainly flawed, the prickly barons on the Hill are chipping away at it, not in accordance with any underlying scheme or philosophy, but simply in response to what they conceive to be popular or unpopular at home and the pressures of various interests. Members of Congress have complained that Carter is all style, little substance; now he presents substantive proposals, but some Democrats dislike them and leaders argue that he has sent Congress too many of them. At a White House meeting last week, House Speaker Tip O'Neill warned him: "Mr. President, you have given us about as much as we can digest. Tell us what your priorities are." Carter promised them a "must" list within a few days. Leaders told him that the one "must" on their own long—and inflationary—list is a big raise in the minimum wage. The President supports an increase from \$2.30 to \$2.50; Congress wants more.

O'Neill is struggling to avoid vetoes and to keep his often unleadable troops in line. He pleaded with a Democrat who wanted to break publicly with the President: "Don't do it. Don't go that road. You want an appointment with the President? I'll call him and you have an appointment in the morning. We're being treated better than we've been in our life." O'Neill and other leaders are trying to educate Carter in the ways of the Hill: whom to see to formulate programs and get them enacted. They have also demonstrated that they can corral votes for a Carter program when they have to. Last week House Democrats brushed aside Republican amendments and passed the repeal of the Hatch Act, which forbids political activity by federal civil service employees.

To soothe relations, Carter invited groups of Congressmen to half a dozen White House meetings last week. He listened attentively to their pleas, and that quiet Southern courtesy was sometimes mistaken for assent. "You hear what you want to hear," notes a White House aide. "When it comes to the President, there's a special mystique. If he listens, one is inclined to think, 'He must agree with me.'" Some who think that way stand to be disappointed.

Adding to congressional doubts were U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young's continued, compulsive indiscretions. Young met for a half-hour with Carter, who did not reprimand him. The President pointed out to Cabinet members that Young will be a "hero to the Third World." Some of Young's aides urge him to "think black" on all issues. The question is: Does he think enough? After he called former Presidents Ford and Nixon "racists" in a *Playboy* interview, he extended the epithet posthumously to Presidents Kennedy, Johnson and Abe Lincoln. Later he explained that by "racism" he meant lack of sensitivity to other cultures, adding that "I, too, am a racist." With such definitions, language loses all meaning.



CARTER IN THE SMALL WHITE HOUSE STUDY WHERE MUCH OF HIS WORK IS DONE

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

Impressions of Power and Poetry

The Cabinet Room is almost untouched from the days of Richard Nixon, his huge mahogany table—which he tried unsuccessfully to deduct from his income taxes—still the arena of crucial Executive debate. The room is a public forum. There is little that is personal there.

A few steps south and one encounters Nell Yates, a secretary in those premises since the days of Dwight Eisenhower. Warm, efficient, knowing, she belongs there. Jimmy Carter must be just ahead. But the Oval Office, a stride through the curved door, is more a museum than the center of a man's authority. One wonders if Carter is still intimidated by the legend of the office, or if he is determined not to live amid the symbols of Washington status.

The pictures on the oval walls are from Ford's time, most of the furniture too. Carter did resurrect Kennedy's desk, but its top is thinly populated. The Bible on which Carter placed his hand when he took the oath rests on one corner. Harry Truman's *THE BUCK STOPS HERE* sign stands beside a kicking glass donkey that was a present from Georgia Democrats. Near by is Admiral Rickover's memento: "Oh, God, thy sea is so great and my boat is so small." They are stage props. The man lives elsewhere, perhaps down the hall, beyond the small office of Personal Assistant Susan Clough, the place where L.B.J. used to slurp low-calorie root beer.

One enters Carter's study. Indeed it is his. It is small—17 ft. by 18½ ft. The vast sweep and power of the presidency are reduced to their simplest forms.

Carter's suit coat is draped over the arm of the couch, the label up: "Hart Schaffner & Marx, A. Cohen & Sons, Americus, Ga." The walls ripple with impressionism. Behind his chair is Childe Hassam's *Flag Day*, and to his right another Hassam, *Old House at Easthampton*. Near the door, Niagara Falls plunges silently, a swirl of delicate blues and pinks in an oil by John Twachtman. Fronting the desk is a huge painting of Rosalynn and Amy from the days in the Georgia state-house, simple, almost ethereal.

The room is modern. A Lanier pocket secretary is at the ready to help Carter sort out his days. The room is old. A replica of a flintlock made for Carter, which he has actually fired, hangs behind his chair. Miss Lillian's photograph is near by, but not as close as a model that shows all of our nuclear missiles. A massive ship's clock of brass thunks out the hours and minutes, but there is also a digital time-piece that silently flashes the fleeting seconds.

In its physical contents, the place does not much surpass the office of the peanut plant in Plains. There is a huge globe at the end of his desk. A couple of weeks after Carter became President, he suddenly began to understand that the world was his. He quietly walked into the Oval Office, picked up the globe and brought it back to the small study. It is rooted there now. On the shelves are some 50 of Carter's favorite books, assembled at his request. The great Americans stand side by side—Jefferson (by Peterson) and Robert E. Lee (by Freeman) and Roosevelt (by Burns). That far-ranging theologian Reinhold Niebuhr has a couple of slots, and then there is Walter Lippmann (*Public Opinion*). Foote's *The Civil War: A Narrative* is handy, as are the poems of Dylan Thomas and the intellectual explorations of our times by Daniel Boorstin.

That White House study is Carter's canvas on which he notes his interests and his inspirations. It, too, is impressionistic, a mixture of old and new, of power and poetry, the reflection of a leader not fully formed who is seeing, hearing and feeling the drama in front of him before fixing the outlines of his American vision.



SHORTLY AFTER GROUND ATTACK, A DUTCH MILITARY HELICOPTER HOVERS OVER HOSTAGE TRAIN TO PROTECT DEPARTING PASSENGERS



TERRORISTS

The Commandos Strike at Dawn

As dawn broke, a thick mist rolled across the pastureland around the Dutch hamlet of De Punt, enveloping the motionless yellow train. Inside, nine jittery Moluccan hijackers and 51 exhausted hostages were beginning their 20th day of cold fear together, a grisly endurance record of its kind. At a primary school in the nearby village of Bovensmilde, four other Moluccan terrorists kept four schoolteachers prisoner. Deployed around both the train and the school was an estimated 2,000-man army of crack Dutch commando marines, a special squad of sharpshooters, and armored military-police units.

It was not to be another tense day of stalemate. Apparently convinced that the terrorists were prepared to hold out indefinitely despite the exhausting psychological toll on their unwilling prisoners, the Dutch government decided to end the hostages' agony. In the most dramatic rescue operation since Entebbe, a Dutch military team mounted a commando-style dawn assault on both train and school. Six of the 13 Moluccan terrorists and two of the hostages were killed. One terrorist, two marines and nine of the prisoners were wounded.

but at least the long ordeal had ended.

The marines jumped off at 5 a.m., firing submachine guns as they raced toward the train, scattering panicked cattle in nearby pastures. Six Starfighter jets of the Royal Netherlands Air Force, with afterburners roaring, streaked out of the sky and dropped smoke bombs to give the troops cover. The air attack was meant to confuse and intimidate the terrorists: clearly, no strafing or bombing was possible while the hostages were inside the train. TIME's Peter Kronenberg, who witnessed the operation, reported that "the howling of the planes was terrifying. They came back five times and then there was only the shooting—then silence, then the sound of terrified people inside the train shouting, yelling—unbelievable."

Plastic Charges. As they charged, the marines concentrated much of their fire on the first-class front of the train, where the Moluccans had established their command post. Demolition experts with plastic charges blasted down the doors, and the marines ducked inside, shooting as they went. As the assault began, 13 armored cars in nearby Bovens-

building. One of them burst through the main doors while three others took up positions around the building.

At the school, the troops used satchel charges to widen the gap made by the armored car, causing thunderous explosions that awoke sleeping villagers and brought them running into the street. Soldiers shouted, "Give up! Give up! You are surrounded!" Some of the onlookers clasped their hands in front of their eyes, afraid to look at the scene of battle. Cried one woman: "Dear God, they're all dead!" One by one, the soldiers led the four captured Moluccans from the building and forced them to lie down for a body search. At 6 o'clock the villagers saw teachers waving from an ambulance bus. Realizing that the four schoolteacher hostages were safe, the villagers suddenly began throwing paper streamers in joyous relief.

There was little rejoicing by the Dutch government. Looking somber and tired, Prime Minister Joop den Uyl appeared on television to explain that "violence proved necessary to put an end to the hostage seizure" because weeks of negotiations with the hijackers had reached an impasse. Justice Minister Andreas van Ael, who with the Prime

Minister headed the crisis team dealing with the terrorists, made his own appeal for understanding of the difficult decision. "I beseech you to believe there was no other way," he said at a press conference. "We tried everything—every path of dialogue that there might be, we took it, but we found them all closed."

Indeed, the 13 Moluccan terrorists—all members of leftist-radical youth organizations—never wavered from their key blackmail demands. They wanted the release of 21 other young Moluccans now in Dutch prisons for previous acts of terrorism, safe conduct and a 747 jet to carry them to an undisclosed destination outside The Netherlands. In addition, they insisted that the Dutch government cut all links with the Indonesian government.

"From the beginning," Prime Minister Den Uyl explained, "we made it clear there was no question of the hostages being transported somewhere else. And the demand for safe conduct, if granted, is an invitation to renewed blackmail actions." As for the political demands, Den Uyl said, "we have seen from earlier experience in the relationship between the Dutch society and the Moluccan community that the awakening of illusions, the making of concessions, punishes itself, leading to bitterness and disappointment."

Reprisal Fear. Still, the impossible Moluccan illusion is unlikely to fade, even in defeat. The terrorists are children or grandchildren of 4,000 Moluccan soldiers and their dependents who left their Indonesian archipelago in 1951 out of fear of reprisals for supporting the Dutch against the Indonesian independence movement. The Moluccan exiles in The Netherlands (they now number 40,000) cling fanatically to the dream of a future free "Republic of the South Moluccas" in the Indonesian archipelago. Angered by the refusal of the Hague government to support their cause, seven of the young Moluccans now in prison hijacked a train for 13 days in December 1975, killing three people. At the same time, another terrorist squad occupied the Indonesian consulate in Amsterdam for 15 days.

In a grim replay of that incident, nine young Moluccans hijacked a Utrecht-Groningen express train near De Punt on May 23, while five others seized the primary school at Bovensmilde, where there were 105 children and five teachers. There was no doubt that the Moluccans intended to terrify the country. The children were forced to the windows to chant to the waiting troops and parents, "Van Agt, we want to live!" On several occasions hostages were displayed outside the train with ropes around their necks. But after an influenza-type epidemic broke out at the school, the terrorists freed all the children as well as one ailing teacher.

There were a few other merciful concessions to the hostages on the train. After 13 days, the terrorists released two



HOSTAGES AT GRONINGEN HOSPITAL, WHERE THEY WERE TAKEN FOR MEDICAL CHECKUPS

pregnant women, ages 25 and 31. Three days later they wheeled out a 46-year-old sailor suffering from chest pains; he was rushed to Groningen University's intensive care unit.

Life on the train, according to the released hostages, was indeed a deadly combination of high stress and boredom. Because all the crossword puzzles had been completed, even the men inside the train began to take up embroidery to pass the time. One man plunged into a deep mental depression, and at one point another simply fainted, apparently from tension. The hijackers maintained strict hygiene inside the train. Every morning blankets were hung out of the windows and beaten to remove the dust. In the afternoon, hostages were assigned to remove excrement from under the train's toilet pipe and bury it in the gravel of the railway bed. Brooms and cleaning materials were brought in, along with games and a daily food delivery from a caterer, paid for by the government. Unable to take any physical exercise, many of the hostages complained of constipation.

Meanwhile, the Dutch government's crisis team was getting nowhere in its attempts to negotiate the hostages' release. A government psychiatrist, Dick Muld-

er, made daily contacts with the Moluccans; increasingly, he found himself being either mocked or scolded by the tough young terrorists. Two mediation attempts by respected leaders of the Moluccan community failed completely. Mrs. Josephine Soumokil, 64-year-old widow of the resistance hero executed by the Indonesians, visited the train along with Hassan Tan, 56, a former education and welfare minister in the Moluccan government in exile. Their presence encouraged the terrorists, who greeted them with a minimilitary parade. The visits proved an extra hardship to the hostages: they were forced to sit motionless during the two meetings, which lasted six and 4½ hours respectively.

During the first two weeks of the drama, Dutch officials made it clear that their first priority was the safety of the hostages. As the mediation attempts collapsed and the sullen mood of Dutch public opinion turned to raw anger, the government began to change its position. Interior Minister Wilhelm Friedrich de Gaay Fortman insisted that the overriding need was for "restoration of law and order—that's what is No. 1—if in any way possible, without loss of life." By Friday evening the government de-

ONLOOKERS INSPECTING THE BULLET-POCKED TRAIN CAR TAKEN BY DUTCH TROOPS





ROADSIDE CROWD MUSTERING A CHEER FOR A BUSLOAD OF WEARY SURVIVORS EN ROUTE FROM RAID SITE TO HOSPITAL



ELDERLY HOSTAGE FLANKED BY FAMILY



PRIME MINISTER JOOP DEN UYL
An age-old dilemma

decided to attack the train after the leader of the hijackers, Max Papilaya, 24, refused any further contact with authorities until his demands were met.

The raid was carefully planned by a team of army and air-force experts, summoned to the crisis center in The Hague. It was a challenging assignment. A surprise attack on the train was difficult because it stood in the open, surrounded by soggy pastures that would not carry the weight of armored cars. Knowing that the Moluccans had infrared field glasses, the operation planners decided to use the Starfighters to drop smoke bombs as cover for the marines and to warn the hostages that something was up. Valuable intelligence about the Moluccans' activities came from listening devices planted by marines who had crawled up to the train a few nights before the attack. When the plan was ready, the troops involved carried out exercise attacks on a duplicate of the hijacked train at a nearby shunting yard.

As a young marine lieutenant explained after the attack, "We had been following the movements of the Moluccans for three weeks and knew exactly where they were at night. We knew the Moluccans did not guard their hostages properly at night. The gunmen and hostages slept separately, with only an occasional guard over the prisoners. We stormed aboard with armor-piercing weapons, then shot a wall of flame to cut off the Moluccans from the hostages. Everything went according to plan."

Besides providing smoke cover for the troops, the low-flying Starfighters were deliberately used to make the hostages seek cover on the floor—the safest place for them during a gun battle. Authorities theorized that both victims—a 40-year-old man from Elst and an Indonesian girl from Groningen who spent her 20th birthday on the train—were shot when they stood up. But so effective were the terrifying roars of the jetcraft that the great majority of the

ground. Summed up Air Force Major W.A. Blaauw: "It was a nice operation. You must count on some casualties in operations like this, but they were kept very low, and it was a great success for the men who did it."

Not to mention those who regained their freedom as the result of it. One of them was Daan Peter Pot, 20, a civil engineering student at the Groningen technical college, who missed his year-end examinations during the ordeal (his dean ordered him advanced anyway). The Moluccans, he said, had treated him reasonably well, and despite low moments, morale among the passengers had remained surprisingly high. The running joke among the group, he said, was that their endless train "ride" must mean that Holland had become a huge country.

Rising Impatience. For Holland, the Moluccan problem is far from over. Though the white sections of Bovensmilde were slowly returning to normal after the rescue operation, the Moluccan quarter was a ghost town. Whether out of anger or fear, few residents ventured out of their homes—and those who did often drove with helmets and billy clubs. Following a minor auto accident involving young Dutchmen and Moluccan youths, police had to intervene to keep the dispute from turning into a brawl. Sensing rising Dutch impatience with the cause of the Moluccan exiles, Prime Minister Den Uyl promised he would place a ban on rifle-drill and knife-fight training for several paramilitary Moluccan groups. He also pleaded with his fellow countrymen not to take revenge on the Moluccan community as a whole. "The Moluccan problem is not a color problem," Den Uyl said. "It is a problem of history and ideals." Yet the Dutch government was clearly caught in an age-old dilemma, which officials openly acknowledged. Justice Minister Van Agt, in the course of one press conference, said it all. "To reward terror," he

Make Father's day.



SEAGRAM'S CROWN ROYAL BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.
80 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y.



FLANKED BY ROYAL FAMILY MEMBERS, THE QUEEN & PRINCE PHILIP WAVE FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY

LITTLE—CAMERA 5

BRITAIN

Jubilee Bash for the Liz They Love

It was, said Prince Philip, "a good excuse for a party."

And what a party it was. In a spontaneous outburst of powerful feelings, millions of Britons last week celebrated the Silver Jubilee of Elizabeth II, who for the past 25 years has been "by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of Her other Realms and Territories, Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith." Despite cool weather and gray, overcast skies that occasionally exploded in rainstorms, it was a week of exuberant festivity, offering the kind of stately pageantry that no other nation in the world can equal. Silver trumpets blared fanfares, batteries of cannon fired multigun salutes. Union Jacks bedecked homes and shops throughout Britain.

Hilltop Fires. Cynics dismissed the Jubilee as an exercise in irrelevance at best and a needless extravagance at worst. A fairer view was that Britons—in a mood for a holiday from such irksome problems as inflation, unemployment, trade-union troubles and political woes—genuinely wanted to pay affectionate tribute to a gracious lady who has been a symbol of stability, humane decency and traditional values during one of her nation's most difficult quarter-centuries.

The week of festivities* began at Windsor Castle. As a crowd of more than 200,000 looked on, Elizabeth ignited a 35-ft.-high bonfire atop a hill near the ancient castle. Within minutes, 101 more hilltop fires were flaring from one end of the British Isles to the other.

Technically, the Jubilee should have been celebrated on Feb. 6, the date on which she ascended the throne following the death of her father George VI. But Buckingham Palace decided that the country—to say nothing of tourists, would enjoy the festivities more in June than during the chill of an English winter.

It was a reminder of a difficult moment in the reign of her namesake and ancestor, Elizabeth I: similar fires had been set in 1588 to warn the country of the approaching Spanish Armada.

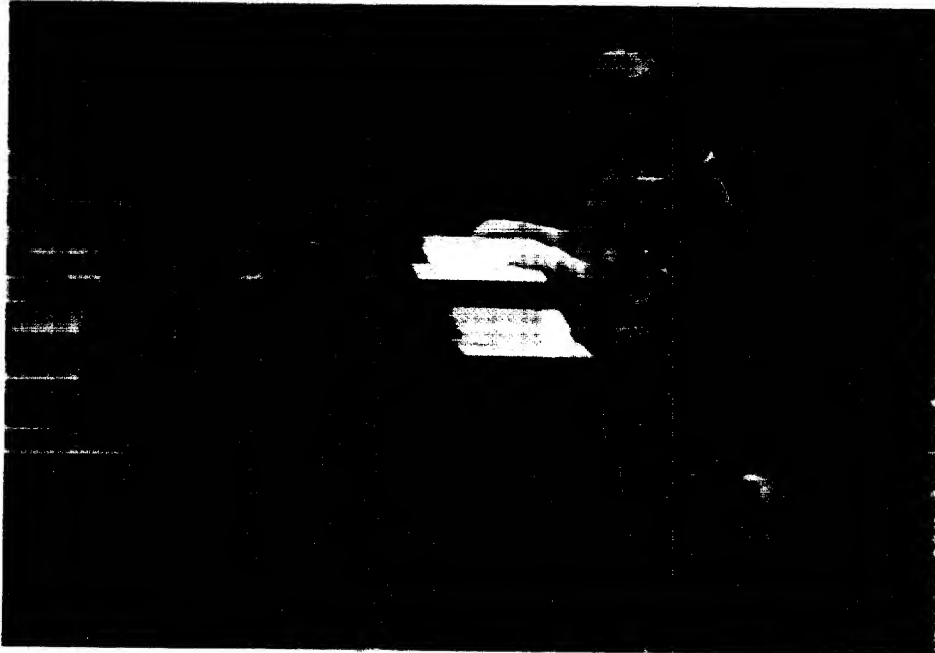
The day after the bonfire, there was a regal procession from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral for a solemn thanksgiving service, followed by a lavish banquet at nearby Guildhall. By midmorning, men, women and children were standing 20 deep along the tree-lined mall that links the palace with Admiralty Arch. At 10:25 a.m., a carriage procession of members of the royal family clattered through the King's Door in the Royal Quadrangle, accompanied by a mounted escort of the Blues and Royals cavalry regiment. Princess

Anne (expecting her first child in November) and her husband Captain Mark Phillips led the procession, followed by Princess Margaret and her two children* and Princess Alice, Duchess of Gloucester, 75, Elizabeth's aunt. Then came the other royals: the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra, Prince Michael of Kent, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother accompanied by her daughter's younger sons, Prince Andrew, 17, and Prince Edward, 13.

At 10:42, following an honor guard of half a dozen elite units, the gilded state coach rumbled out of the Palace

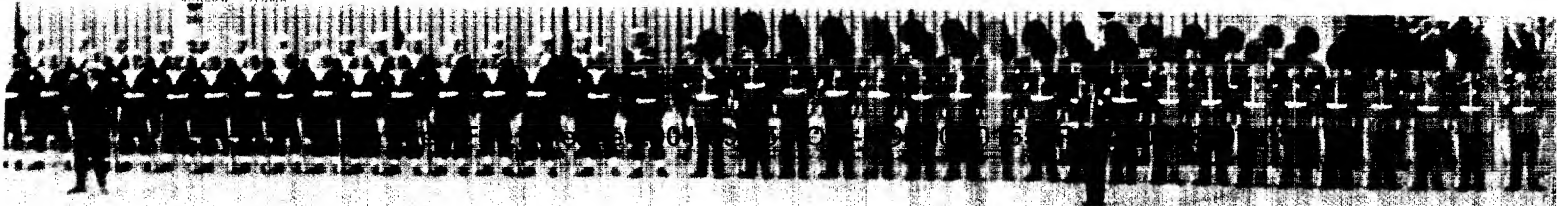
*Her estranged husband Lord Snowdon traveled to St. Paul's by car and sat a discreet eight rows behind the royal family during the service.

LEMOINE—SYGMA



ELIZABETH & PHILIP AT THE CATHEDRAL; (BELOW) GUARDS OUTSIDE THE PALACE

BARLOW—SYGMA





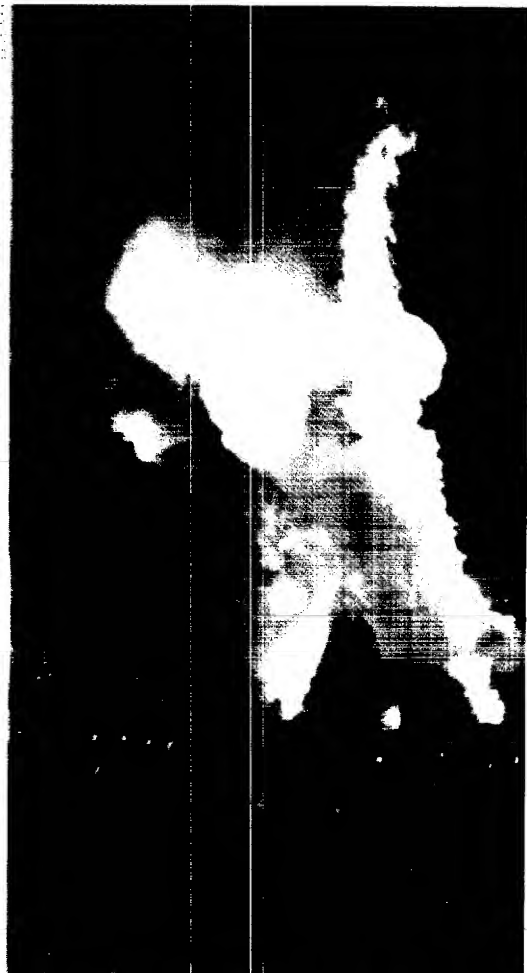
THE QUEEN FLASHING A ROYAL SMILE



BAND OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS RETURNING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE



ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS HAILING THE QUEEN IN HER GILDED STATE COACH; ROARING BONFIRE IN PARK NEAR WINDSOR CASTLE STARTS THE JUBILEE





SIGNS OF JUBILEE IN HAMMERSMITH

FLAG-WAVING SPECTATORS STAKE OUT CHOICE VIEWING SPOT ALONG PROCESSION ROUTE



QUEEN ELIZABETH SURROUNDED BY ADMIRING SUBJECTS AT WINDSOR BONFIRE LIGHTING
"An example of service untiringly done, of duty faithfully fulfilled."

Gate, drawn by eight grand Windsor grays, each guided by a walking groom in gold-trimmed scarlet uniform. Inside the coach (originally built for George III more than 200 years ago) was the Queen, wearing the rose-pink dress with matching coat and hat she wore when she opened the Olympics in Canada last year. She looked subdued and pensive. Beside her was her husband Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, resplendent in the dress uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet. Riding directly behind the state coach—and ahead of such quaintly titled assistants to the household as the Master of the Horse, the Crown Equerry and the Silver Stick in Waiting—came Prince Charles, in the ceremonial scarlet-tunic uniform of colonel-in-chief of the Welsh Guards. An inexperienced equestrian, the heir to the throne later evoked the day's first broad smile from his mother when he required help in dismounting outside St. Paul's. Later Charles confided that it had been a marvelous day: "At least I didn't fall off my horse."

At the steps of St. Paul's the Queen was greeted with a fanfare by the House-

hold Cavalry's trumpeters and welcomed by the Lord Mayor of London, who was carrying his pearl sword. Throughout the 50-minute thanksgiving service, the Queen listened attentively. She seemed moved as the Most Rev. Donald Coggan, the Archbishop of Canterbury, proclaimed: "Our nation and Commonwealth have been blessed beyond measure by having at their heart an example of service untiringly done, of duty faithfully fulfilled and of a home life stable and wonderfully happy." After His Grace pronounced the blessing, the 2,700 invited guests, including 33 officials of Commonwealth countries who were in London for their eight-day conference, rose and robustly sang *God Save the Queen*. As voices, organ and silver trumpets rose in a crescendo, Elizabeth seemed near tears.

Melted Reserve. Outside the cathedral, the Queen's reserve melted as she engaged in one of her periodic "walkabouts" to meet her subjects. For 35 minutes she strolled slowly toward Guildhall, joking and chatting with spectators, many of whom had been in wait all night for a chance to see

TWO LONDONERS IN A HOLIDAY MOOD

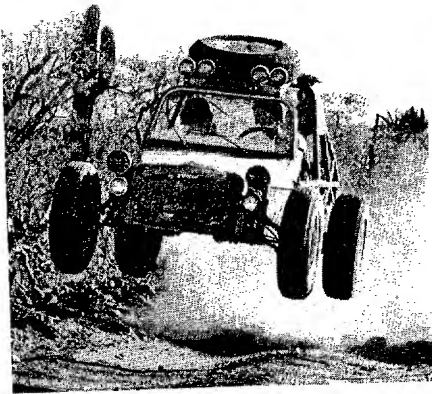


SEARS ROADHANDLER:

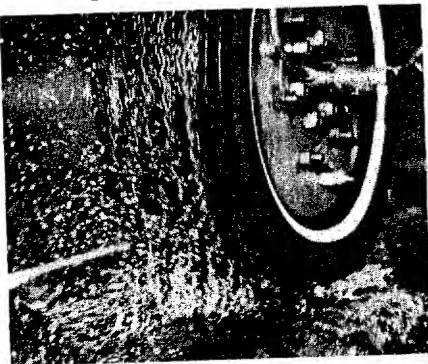
It had to outperform a legend before it could be called Sears best steel-belted radial.

Sears original steel-belted radial tire proved its toughness and excellence by racking class wins in the famous Baja event.

It was the beginning of a legend... and a challenge to develop an even better tire. A tire that was better than the tire that beat the Baja. To outperform



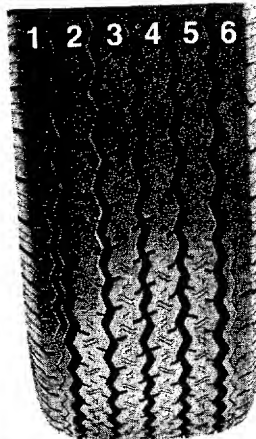
its famous predecessor, the original Sears steel-belted radial, they couldn't make a tougher tire, so they made it better. Better in the areas of handling, braking and ride.



In the vitally important area of wet cornering, Sears RoadHandler demonstrated its superiority under controlled laboratory conditions. RoadHandler's bigger "footprint" allowed more



Sears Steel-Belted Radial.
The tire that beat the Baja, Sears original.



Sears RoadHandler,
13% wider tread, 10% deeper tread (at center). Extra tread row.

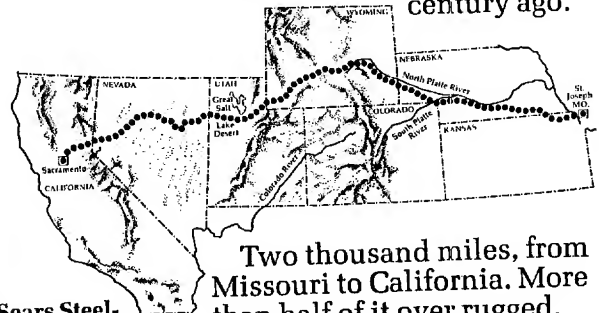


water to travel along the grooves instead of between the tire surface and the wet road. This helps prevent hydroplaning (skidding on a thin film of water). In fact, laboratory tests demonstrated Sears RoadHandler to be superior in just about every area of traction.

To demonstrate the performance of this newer tire, Sears put the RoadHandler through the mill.

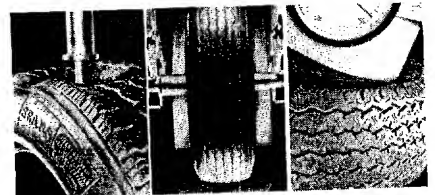
First, five gruelling weeks of day and night driving — 40,000 miles over every kind of road.

Next, the same tires tackled the Pony Express route of a century ago.



Two thousand miles, from Missouri to California. More than half of it over rugged, trackless country.

After 42,000 miles without any tire failure, Sears RoadHandlers faced the most critical test of all. Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standard 109. A test for new tires.



These Sears RoadHandlers not only passed, they exceeded every government requirement for strength, heat resistance and bead unseating (keeping the tire on the rim in hard turns.)

Add it all up... and it's hardly surprising that Sears RoadHandler is Sears best steel-belted radial.



**"STRAIGHT TALK, GOOD VALUES
AND SATISFACTION!"**

© SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO., 1977

The photographer is Marie Cosindas. The medium is Polaroid's Polacolor 1 and film. The result is the remarkable photograph at the right, "Dolls," a work of art recently acquired by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. Now, Polacolor 2 film has the same unique metallized dyes found in Polaroid's SX-70 film. It has the same exceptional clarity and stability. And its brilliant colors are among the most permanent and fade resistant ever developed in photography. Polacolor film is used by amateur, professional and scientific photographers throughout the world. Polaroid, the choice of the artist in the creation of her art.

This Polaroid Polacolor photograph was acquired by Boston's Museum of Fine Arts for its permanent collection.



Dolls

WPK (08/10/02)

Five minutes ago, this pasture became an airfield.

The YC-15 tactical transport can land a 27,000-lb. payload on a pasture, or in a jungle clearing. Anywhere in the world you can clear a 2,000-ft dirt strip.

The four YC-15 engines are 10.5 feet in the air. Up away from the dust and debris of dirt field operations. Reverse thrust flows only upward and forward. No cloud of dust swallowing the aircraft. Full STOL reverse is available down to zero forward speed and for backing the YC-15 into its parking space.

The four engines can be put in reverse idle for rapid unloading and loading in forward areas. Crew movements are unimpeded by engine intake or exhaust. Simple and effective. It's utility-proven in the flight test program.

The YC-15 has what it takes for the combat environment.

The YC-15
MCDONNELL DOUGLAS



Introducing Samovar 86.8 proof vodka. What makes it different is what makes it better.



Just like the world's finest Scotch and Canadian whiskies, Samovar comes to you at 86.8 proof. The International Proof.

86.8, however, is more than just the International Proof. When it comes to vodka, it's the perfect proof.

Perfect for drinking straight and ice cold — the ultimate test of a vodka. Just as perfect for adding a touch of perfection to your favorite mixed drinks.

But proof isn't the only thing that makes Samovar different. How we get it to that very special proof is different, too.

No other vodka is quite like Samovar because no other vodka is distilled like Samovar. Through a costly and painstakingly precise method.

Resulting in a vodka that's Ultra Dry. And exceptionally smooth. Yet, with a lively quality that's unique and consistently rewarding.

If you want a better vodka, look for proof. Not promises.

Look for International Proof Samovar.

ULTRA DRY
Samovar
The International Vodka

Samovar is enjoyed in over 80 countries on every Continent, including France, England, Germany, Greece, and Australia.



*Look for the distinctive
Samovar Swirl Bottle*

Distilled From Grain. © 1977 Schenley Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

Long Lights, 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC Method.

NEW L&M LONG LIGHTS LOWER IN "TAR" THAN ALL LEADING LONGS!

**LONG CIGARETTE WITH 100% VIRGIN TOBACCO
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ELIZABETH, FLANKED BY PHILIP & PRINCE CHARLES, AT TROOPING OF COLORS
After the party is over, a return to Britain's grim reality.

her. Elizabeth appeared to pay particular attention to black and brown faces in the crowd. One little girl pressed a bouquet of violets into her hands; other subjects shouted, "We love you, Liz!"

In Guildhall, Elizabeth lunched (salmon, filet steak and melon, accompanied by hock and red Burgundy) with some 650 carefully chosen guests—the Commonwealth officials, representatives of foreign countries (Washington's envoys: President Carter's son Chip and Chip's wife Caron) and British political, commercial and cultural dignitaries. In her brief remarks, the Queen poignantly recalled that "when I was 21 I pledged my life to the service of our people, and I asked for God's help to make good that vow. Although that vow was made in my salad days when I was green in judgment, I do not regret nor retract one word of it."

Conga Line. From Guildhall, Elizabeth and Philip returned to the palace, riding this time in an open carriage. There she and her family appeared on the balcony and waved to the roaring crowd. During the rest of the week the Queen's activities were a bit more relaxed. She gave a dinner for the Commonwealth's representatives, cruised leisurely up the Thames and watched a massive display of fireworks. On Saturday the Queen, riding side-saddle, closed the Jubilee with the Trooping of the Color ceremony on Horse Guards Parade.

Although Elizabeth was the center of the celebration, the Jubilee's festivities were not limited to her. Throughout the country Britons organized street parties, ox roasts, raffles, puppet shows and picnics. In London alone, there were 4,000 street parties. On Hammersmith's Daffodil Street, for example, the semidetached brick houses of this lower-middle-class neighborhood were decorated with portraits of the Queen and festooned with balloons and bunting. In the working class's East End, a

banner proudly proclaimed JUBILEE STREET OK FOR LIZ, while in wealthy Kensington, a bobby—sporting two Union Jacks in his helmet—led a conga line of 300 residents, including four Tory M.P.s and a handful of diplomats.

The Jubilee inspired, inevitably, its share of schlock. Among the overpriced jubiliana being hawked in London were necklaces, beer mugs, T shirts, jeans, egg timers, shopping bags, ashtrays and thermometers. One London sex shop offered a matching bra-and-panties set, boldly emblazoned with the Queen's state coach and horses. Two British breweries offered pub customers a brace of special celebration brews: Queen's Ale and Silver Jubilee Ale.

A few spoilsports tried to dampen the Jubilee spirits—with scant success. Dustmen in Hammersmith, who had originally demanded \$58 in extra pay to clean up post-Jubilee litter, eventually settled for \$17. The Socialist Workers Party managed to sell some badges urging STUFF THE JUBILEE, and the Movement Against a Monarchy claimed great success in its sale of auto bumper stickers proclaiming ROT ALL RULERS. But an anti-Jubilee rally in London attracted a grand audience of eight.

A bizarre threat by Ugandan Dictator Idi Amin to upstage the Jubilee by crashing the Commonwealth Conference, which opened last week, never materialized. Amin had been advised that his presence would be "inappropriate" because of his regime's brutal tyranny. Then Radio Uganda suddenly announced that Amin was on his way to London, setting off a flurry of rumors that his plane was circling various airports in Europe looking for a place to land. It turned out to be a hoax; Big Daddy never left Uganda at all.

The striking lack of antimonarchist sentiment was perhaps the most impressive tribute to Elizabeth's quarter-century reign. The vast majority of her sub-

jects clearly appreciate the manner in which she has fulfilled her unique constitutional role: embodying the nation's unity, providing historical continuity, standing above party strife and class divisions. "We yearn for symbols of national unity," wrote Tory Elder Statesman Lord Hailsham in the *Sunday Telegraph*. "The Americans have their Constitution and flag. In addition to our flag, we have our Queen." Nonetheless, as Hailsham told *TIME* London Bureau Chief Herman Nickel, he fears that the institution of the monarchy remains "vulnerable to a bad monarch" and that even a good Queen like Elizabeth "cannot serve as a court of appeal against the follies of democracy." For that reason, he now feels that Britain also needs a written constitution and a bill of rights. Some critics maintain that the monarchy may be an obstacle to such reform because the existence of the ancient institution gives too much legitimacy to tradition.

Secret Papers. Whatever the merits of the debate about the monarch's value, Elizabeth has worked hard at her job—traveling, appearing constantly at ceremonial openings, carefully studying the secret government papers in the red "boxes" (leather dispatch cases) that follow her wherever she goes. The seven Prime Ministers who have served her have attested to her impressive grasp of state affairs. Despite the rigid order of palace life, she has tried in small ways to make the monarchy a bit more modern socially—with her walkabouts, for example, or by substituting relatively egalitarian garden parties for the stratified debutante balls of old.

Political Writer John Grigg, once a harsh critic of the monarchy, who now feels that Elizabeth "is to be hailed as an unquestionably good Queen," told *TIME* that he was "almost moved to tears" by her stroll from St. Paul's to Guildhall last week. "Until quite recently," Grigg noted, "the stuffier kind of monarchists felt that the Queen couldn't behave in an informal manner without demeaning herself. But in fact it enhances her. Not only can she do it, but she clearly enjoys doing it."

Despite her success as a sovereign, Elizabeth II has not presided over a new Elizabethan age—for which her subjects, perhaps unrealistically, hoped when she ascended the throne. While living standards in general have risen almost 70% during her reign, a large part of these gains has been purchased by mortgaging the future through the amassing of a huge foreign debt (although the North Sea oil is beginning to change the economic picture). Indeed, the past quarter-century has witnessed enfeeblement and decline—the end of an empire, the shrinking value of the pound sterling, near stagnation of a formerly innovative economy. It is this grim reality that the Jubilee briefly banished. But it will still be there to challenge Britons when their party is over.

TURKEY

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Harmony Time for a Poet-Warrior

About the last thing that Turkey needed was another ineffectual coalition government. But that is what Turkey may get.

It had been an extraordinarily bloody two-month campaign in which 50 people died—36 of them in a May Day rally in Istanbul's principal square (TIME, May 16). In the end, 15.3 million voters went to the polls last week and chose another electoral standoff. The left-of-center Republican People's Party of urbane, hawk-nosed Bülent Ecevit, 52, which had been out of power since 1974, won 213 seats—13 short of a majority in the 450-member National Assembly. The conservative Jus-

riodic political disorders but by raging inflation (annual rate: 25%). Turkey has been straining to transform itself into a modern industrial state along Western lines, but the direction has yet to be determined. Demirel favors a traditional free-enterprise approach; Ecevit, although no Marxist, believes in a labor-oriented, guided economy with healthy dollops of social welfare.

Domestic issues loomed larger than foreign policy ones in the campaign, but the indecisive outcome has serious implications for the entire eastern Mediterranean and the NATO alliance. Turkey and Greece have come close to war in recent years over oil rights in the Ae-

gean. They are still locked in a bitter dispute over Cyprus, which has been a divided island since Turkish troops invaded it in 1974. Ecevit became "the hero of Cyprus" to his people by ordering the invasion (ostensibly to protect the Turkish-Cypriot minority). Yet many Greeks had hoped that he would win a respectable mandate. They figured that Ecevit, as a hawk on the Cyprus issue with proven credentials, could risk negotiations with Prime Minister Constantine Caramanlis—and concessions—more easily than Demirel. The Greeks' hope now is that the military will nudge the two big parties into a government of national unity, but Turks consider this unlikely.

Some U.S. diplomats predicted that Ecevit, who despises Erbakan's erratic ways and irresponsible politics, might accept the Salvationists as allies, but then ignore them. Washington is uncertain about what an Ecevit government will mean for still strained Turkish-U.S. relations. Meeting newsmen last week, Ecevit warned that the continuation of a Congress-imposed embargo on military aid to Turkey will have "certain inevitable impacts on [our] contribution to the collective security system." He spoke vaguely of forming a new "national defense concept" that "need not be in conflict with our membership in NATO." Ecevit did not spell it out, but he seemed to be indicating that Turkey could play a lesser military role in NATO and could reduce its dependence on U.S. arms by shopping elsewhere.

Legal Communists. Assuming that he can round up those vital 13 votes, Ecevit will initially devote most of his energies to domestic matters. His first priorities, he said, would be restoring law-and-order and patching up the ailing economy. He intends to push for wage restraints, less generous commodity subsidies and increased export production. As for his law-and-order promises, Ecevit raised a few eyebrows by saying that he planned to legalize Turkey's small Communist Party (perhaps 2,000 members) by introducing legislation to repeal penal-code provisions that outlaw "class struggle." He also promised to seek a political amnesty, "since we don't accept the principle of crimes of opinion." Ecevit carefully exempted crimes of violence, however. He is aware that many of the 250 leftist criminals in Turkish prisons are there not for what they thought, but for rioting, arson and murder.

BÜLENT ECEVIT ADDRESSING MASS RALLY IN IZMIR JUST BEFORE TURKISH ELECTION
Another electoral standoff with serious implications.

ice Party of incumbent Prime Minister Süleyman Demirel, 53, won 189 seats and has an outside chance of staying in office if Ecevit cannot form a government. With a salute to "people's power," a smiling Ecevit declared himself "ready and willing to accept the responsibility of forming a government." Demirel, though, refused to concede. "I do not accept defeat," he growled, "because there is no winner." The two leaders hate each other, and throughout the ugly campaign, each of the rival parties accused the other of crimes ranging from anarchy to thievery.

Healthy Dollops. Both leaders had hoped to get an absolute majority, thereby ending a seven-year period in which Turkey has been misruled by a succession of unstable coalitions, most of them led by military puppets or the durable, conservative Demirel. Internally, the country has been ravaged not only by pe-

gean. They are still locked in a bitter dispute over Cyprus, which has been a divided island since Turkish troops invaded it in 1974. Ecevit became "the hero of Cyprus" to his people by ordering the invasion (ostensibly to protect the Turkish-Cypriot minority). Yet many Greeks had hoped that he would win a respectable mandate. They figured that Ecevit, as a hawk on the Cyprus issue with proven credentials, could risk negotiations with Prime Minister Constantine Caramanlis—and concessions—more easily than Demirel. The Greeks' hope now is that the military will nudge the two big parties into a government of national unity, but Turks consider this unlikely.

Ecevit was clearly not about to seek that kind of accommodation with Demirel on his own. He is a poet-warrior who studied social psychology and Middle Eastern history at Harvard and

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Danger: Eurocommunism

Henry Kissinger last week came back into public view with guns blazing. His target: Eurocommunism.

The Communist Party of Italy, which gained 34% of the vote in national elections a year ago, now holds a virtual veto over government programs in parliament. In France, another Communist party and its strong Socialist ally could well win a majority in next March's parliamentary elections. In Portugal and Spain, the Communists are fighting to increase their influence. There is a growing view among intellectuals, journalists and some politicians on both sides of the Atlantic that: 1) the U.S. cannot do anything to stop these trends and should not try; 2) the trends are not necessarily bad because Eurocommunists are different, representing a needed and probably democratic opposition to worn-out governments; and 3) nothing much would change if a few Communists join Western European Cabinets.

Kissinger blasted all these assumptions as delusions, in one of the most eloquent and closely reasoned speeches of his career. Speaking at a conference on Italy and Eurocommunism at the Woodrow Wilson International Center in Washington, he issued a powerful warning—intended as much for the Carter Administration and European leaders as for his audience of businessmen and scholars. "The accession of executive power [by these Communist parties] would 1) be a massive change in European politics; 2) have basic consequences for the structure of the postwar world and for the Western alliance; and 3) alter 'the prospects for security and progress for all free nations.'

The former Secretary of State questioned the conventional wisdom that the Eurocommunist parties are independent of Moscow. Not so, he implied, except on nonessential matters. Moreover, he suggested that the degree of independence from Moscow is less important than the basic nature of Communism. Said Kissinger: "We are entitled to certain skepticism about the sincerity of declarations of independence which coincide so precisely with electoral self-interest. One need not be a cynic to wonder at the decision of the French Communists, traditionally perhaps the most Stalinist party in Europe, to renounce the Soviet concept of dictatorship of the proletariat without a single dissenting vote among 1,700 delegates, as they did at their party congress in February 1976, when all previous party congresses had endorsed the same dictatorship of the proletariat by a similar unanimous vote of 1,700 to nothing."

Communist parties have always had as their guiding principle the right of a minority to seize power as "the vanguard of the working class" and impose its will on the rest of the population. How then, Kissinger asked, can one take at face value the recent declarations of the French, Spanish and Italian Communist parties that they intend to work within a framework of political pluralism? After all, he pointed out, French Party Boss George Marchais has listed Bulgaria, Poland and East Germany as countries having a "pluralistic" party system. In a devastating passage, Kissinger cited a series of quotes to the same effect from East European Communist leaders, uttered during the late '40s. Hungarian Communist Leader Erno Gero, for example, observed in 1944 that "the Communist Party does not approve of the idea of a one-party system. Let the other parties operate and organize as well." In 1945 the East German Communist Party promised "a parliamentary democratic republic with full democratic rights and liberties." Marchais speaks of "socialism in the colors of France," but in 1938, Kissinger noted, George Orwell described French Communist strategy as "marching behind the Tricolor."

Once in power, Kissinger asked in effect, could the Communists ever allow "the democratic process to reverse" the situation? True, Communists got out of the French and Italian governments after World War II. But that was when their parties were very much weaker and the democratic forces very much stronger. And the stern Leninist principle of "democratic centralism" guides the internal structure of all Communist parties. "Only in Western Europe and the United States are there still illusions about the nature of Communist parties. In Eastern Europe, boredom, intellec-



RALLY OF ITALIAN COMMUNISTS; KISSINGER (INSET)

PAUL CONKLIN

tual emptiness, inefficiency and stultifying bureaucracy have been obvious for decades."

The U.S. Government deals with Communist regimes in the Soviet Union, China and Eastern Europe. Why then can it not learn to deal with Communist parties in Western Europe? Kissinger's answer: "There is a crucial difference between managing conflict with adversaries and maintaining an alliance among friends." The character of that alliance—which has a moral base in a heritage of shared convictions about principles of democracy, individual liberty and the rule of law—would become "confused to the American people" if some NATO members had Communist governments. "The moral and political basis for our present troop deployment in Europe" would be undermined. Inevitably there would be "significant divergences on foreign policy between Europe and the U.S." Although the Communists pay lip service to NATO, their participation in Western European governments would weaken NATO's military strength, force a change in its security practices, turn it by default into a largely German-American alliance, threaten the balance of power between East and West and undermine European unity.

Powerfully, Kissinger explored some of the deeper reasons for Communism's present gains. "In the end," he said, "the Communist parties find their opportunities less in their inherent strength than in the demoralization, division or disorganization of their opponents; they succeed only when the democratic system seems unable to solve the social problems of the day, when the center does not hold and societies become polarized." Violence, such as that currently tormenting Italy, drives many to support Communism in desperation. Ticking off some of the basic causes of Communist gains, Kissinger noted: "A relativist age debunks authority and puts nothing in its place as an organizing principle of society. Massive impersonal bureaucracy disillusion the citizen with the responsiveness of his government. Intellectuals condemn society for materialism when it is prosperous and for injustice when it fails to ensure prosperity."

What should the U.S. do? Kissinger conceded that whether or not the Communist parties enter government is a matter for the voters of Europe to decide. But he also argued that America can encourage democratic forces in the West by recognizing the problems if Communists come to power and by not giving the impression, "through ostentatious association or consultation with Communist leaders," that "we consider Communist success a foregone conclusion." This is not the case, he said, although "United States hesitation and ambiguity can contribute to the impression" that it is and feed "the myth of [the Communists'] inevitability." He argued strongly against the position that an active U.S. policy of discouraging Europeans from voting Communist would be counterproductive. "I believe the opposite to be true," he said. "I consider it important that Europe know of America's interest and concern. If the United States has a responsibility to encourage political freedom throughout the world, we surely have a duty to leave no doubt about our convictions on an issue that is so central to the future of the Western alliance and therefore to the future of democracy."

Damn the Doctors—and Washington

Oregon State Senator Ken Jernstedt insists that the contest involves a treasured principle: "We want to maintain our freedom of choice." Florida State Representative Robert McKnight sums up the issue bluntly: "Stay the hell out of my business." With victory, argues California State Senator William Campbell, "our society will be a little bit freer."

These legislators are in the front ranks of a coast-to-coast uprising that has welded together an unusual alliance of right-wing civil libertarians and left-wing civil rightists, nut-nibbling food faddists and humanitarians groping for a way to relieve suffering. The crusade is the dark side of the mounting anti-Washington tide, a movement against government interference in citizens' lives that involves states' rights, freedom of the individual and the fundamental subject of people's health. The question: Should state legislatures make an end run around federal bureaucrats and legalize the use of drugs that the Food and Drug Administration has banned or not yet approved? They are Laetrile, an unproved anticancer nostrum, dimethyl sulfoxide (DMSO), Gerovital and saccharin.

Federal Disapproval. So far, seven states—Alaska, Arizona, Florida, Indiana, Nevada, Texas and Washington—have legalized Laetrile; Delaware, New Hampshire and Oklahoma will join them as soon as their Governors sign authorizing bills or let them become law without their signatures. Similar legislation is pending in twelve states and will probably be revived in seven others when their legislatures reconvene. In addition, Nevada has approved

the manufacture and sale of Gerovital. Oregon has legalized DMSO and soon may approve saccharin, which has already been okayed by Indiana. (Apparently heeding FDA warnings that saccharin may cause cancer, legislators in Arizona and Nevada rejected bills to legalize the sweetener.)

The rush to approve the drugs has overwhelmed objections by the FDA, which, since the 1962 thalidomide scare, has been required by law to license only substances that are scientifically proved to be effective as well as safe. But the FDA can control only drugs that cross state lines; the states are free to license those that are manufactured and used within their boundaries in spite of federal disapproval. In fighting against the drugs, federal health officials have suffered from their loss of some public respect following the false swine-flu scare and the FDA's proposed restrictions on the sale of saccharin. The agency acted after the laboratory rats which were fed huge quantities of the substance then developed cancer.

The state-by-state movement to legalize drugs of questionable value has chiefly involved Laetrile, which is already being used illicitly by tens of thousands of American cancer sufferers. The substance is smuggled into the U.S., mainly from Mexico. No reputable studies have found evidence to support claims that the drug cures or prevents cancer (TIME, May 23). Its use is opposed by the American Medical Association, and Dr. Frank Rauscher, American Cancer Society senior vice president for research, insists: "We know doggone well that Laetrile doesn't

work." But backers put their faith in tales of miracle apricot-pit cures and refuse to be dissuaded. Many are impatient with the pace of cancer research and suspect that doctors and the drug industry are more interested in profits than cures. The median cost of conventional cancer treatment, including surgery, radiation and chemotherapy, is about \$19,000 per patient; Laetrile goes for \$1 a capsule and about \$10 a shot.

Although some urban liberals are working to legalize Laetrile, the campaign is led by the Committee for Freedom of Choice in Cancer Therapy based in Los Altos, Calif., which is dominated by right-wingers, including members of the John Birch Society. Well-financed and well-organized, the group claims to have 25,000 members, including a few Communists, meeting in 450 local committees across the country.

Bumper Stickers. To whip up enthusiasm for the bills, supporters have packed committee hearings and state house galleries with vocal supporters, many of whom are elderly. In Wichita, Kans., Virginia Wilson held a Laetrile taste-in at her home, featuring fresh fruits, lima beans, beets and carrots, which proponents claim are rich in the substance. She also showed a 45-minute pro-Laetrile film called *World Without Cancer*. At the Illinois state house, some 300 Laetrile backers passed out blue-and-white bumper stickers that read: LAETRILE WORKS! YOU BET YOUR LIFE. In Massachusetts, supporters delivered to the legislature 40 shopping bags stuffed with more than 12,000 pleas for legalization of the drug.

Many of the bills' sponsors are can-

Legalizing Laetrile

LEGISLATION ENACTED

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TIME Map by P.J. Pugliese

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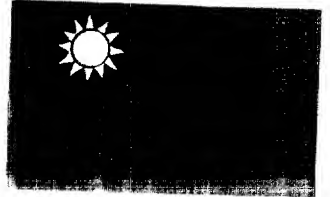
Kings: 8 mg. 'tar,' 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76
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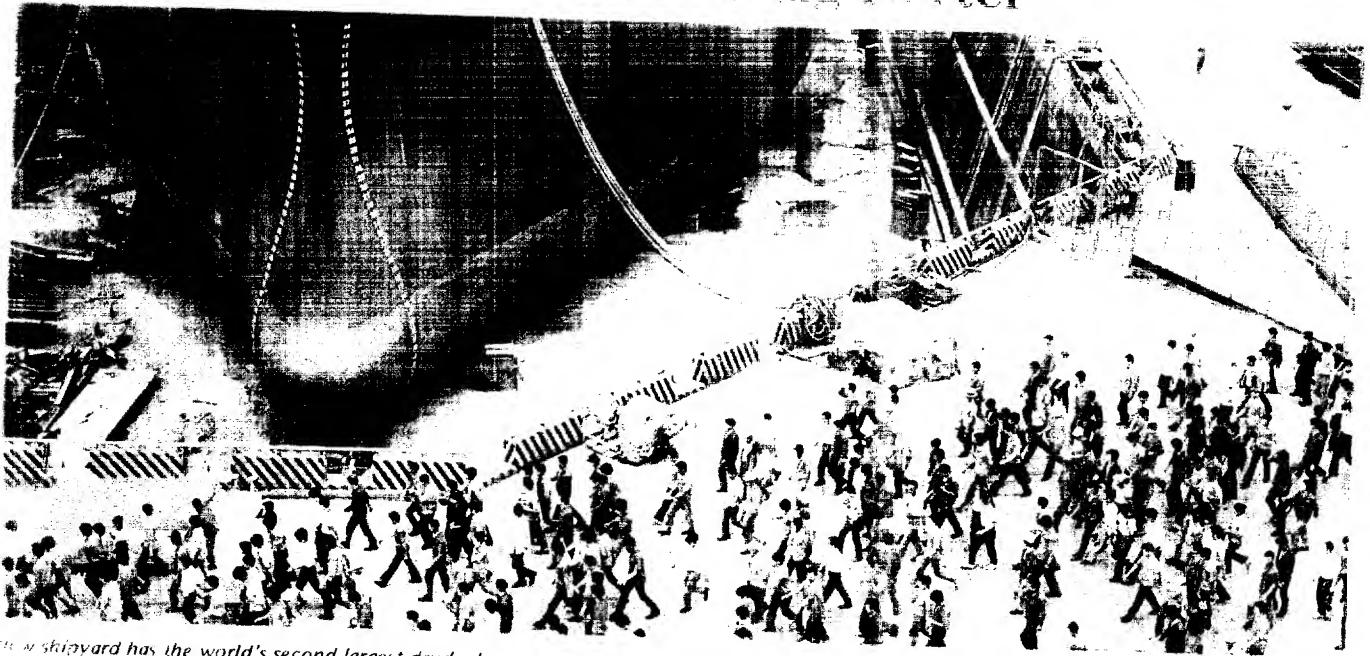
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Inflation, held at under 3 percent, was the lowest in any developing or developed country last year.

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To maintain economic growth, the Republic of China is spending \$6.5 million to build ten major infrastructure projects in the last half of the 1970s. These and all previous achievements will ensure that Taiwan stands as a model of economic prosperity for all of China.

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cer sufferers or relatives of patients, and fervently believe in Laetrile. New Jersey Assemblyman John Gregorio, whose father has cancer and whose mother and two uncles died from it, takes regular doses of the drug.

The arguments are often strengthened by the testimony of cancer victims who claim they have been helped by the substance. In Texas, explains anti-Laetrile Lobbyist Ace Pickens, "legislators said, 'Oh hell, if it doesn't do them any harm and if it gives them any hope, why not let them have it?'" Otherwise, says Arizona State Representative Herb Everett, "we are making criminals out of those who want to use Laetrile." Most potent of all has been the plea that people who are dying from cancer should be free to try even worthless cures. The New York *Times* agrees, and California Governor Jerry Brown believes that people should be allowed to ingest anything that has not been proved to be harmful.

Talking Suicide. One of the forces driving the movement is a growing distrust of doctors. The onslaught caught many medical associations by surprise. Convinced that the Massachusetts bill would die quickly, the state chapter of the American Cancer Society did not even bother to testify at a hearing on the proposal. Only a dietitian spoke against the bill at a hearing in Arizona. Medical societies in Oregon and Louisiana ducked the issue.

Most doctors are horrified at the prospect of their patients demanding Laetrile. New York Psychiatrist Samuel Klagsbrun told an FDA hearing: "The sad part about it is that for an individual to leave orthodox treatment is to choose to leave their only real chance for survival. It is suicide we're talking about." The FDA has cases of women with cervical cancer who refused surgery, which has a 65% cure rate, in favor of taking Laetrile, and died. Similar cases are cited by Harvard Neurosur-

geon H. Thomas Ballantine, a past president of the Massachusetts Medical Society. He calls Laetrile "pure quackery." Says Illinois State Representative Eugenia Chapman: "Persons victimized by cancer should not be twice victimized."

Making up for lost time, the FDA is busily assembling all of the evidence against Laetrile. To strengthen the case, the National Cancer Institute is considering testing the drug on cancer patients. FDA Commissioner Donald Kennedy has organized a team of four experts to fly off at a moment's notice to testify before state legislatures. In addition, says Richard Merrill, FDA chief counsel: "We are likely to be more aggressive in enlightening the general public." The agency's lawyers are preparing to mount court challenges against the sale or production of Laetrile under the new state laws. They believe that they can win if the bottles, labels or anything else employed in making or selling the drug crosses a state line.

But no one has yet obtained a license to manufacture or distribute Laetrile in any state. For one thing, some state health authorities seem ready to drag their feet on issuing permits. Ar-

izona Health Services Director Suzanne Dandoy predicts a long delay because her staff lacks the expertise and research data needed to set guidelines. Says Thomas Caton, executive director of Oregon's state board of pharmacy: "We have to do some study to define purity and dose levels."

Scarce Apricots. Moreover, backers have not yet figured out how to manufacture the drug legally in some states—even if there were enough demand to make production profitable—without crossing a state line. Indiana, for instance, has few apricot trees. But the state has plenty of peach trees, so proponents are giving some thought to producing the drug from peach pits.

Even if production does begin in the states that have legalized Laetrile, most doctors will probably refuse to prescribe it for their patients. The Texas Medical Association has already urged its members not to use Laetrile, and other state medical groups are expected to follow suit. The drug would be left in the hands of the same quacks and medical mavericks who have been promoting it for years—and who are slowly beginning to win their battle, state by state.

The Disputed Drugs

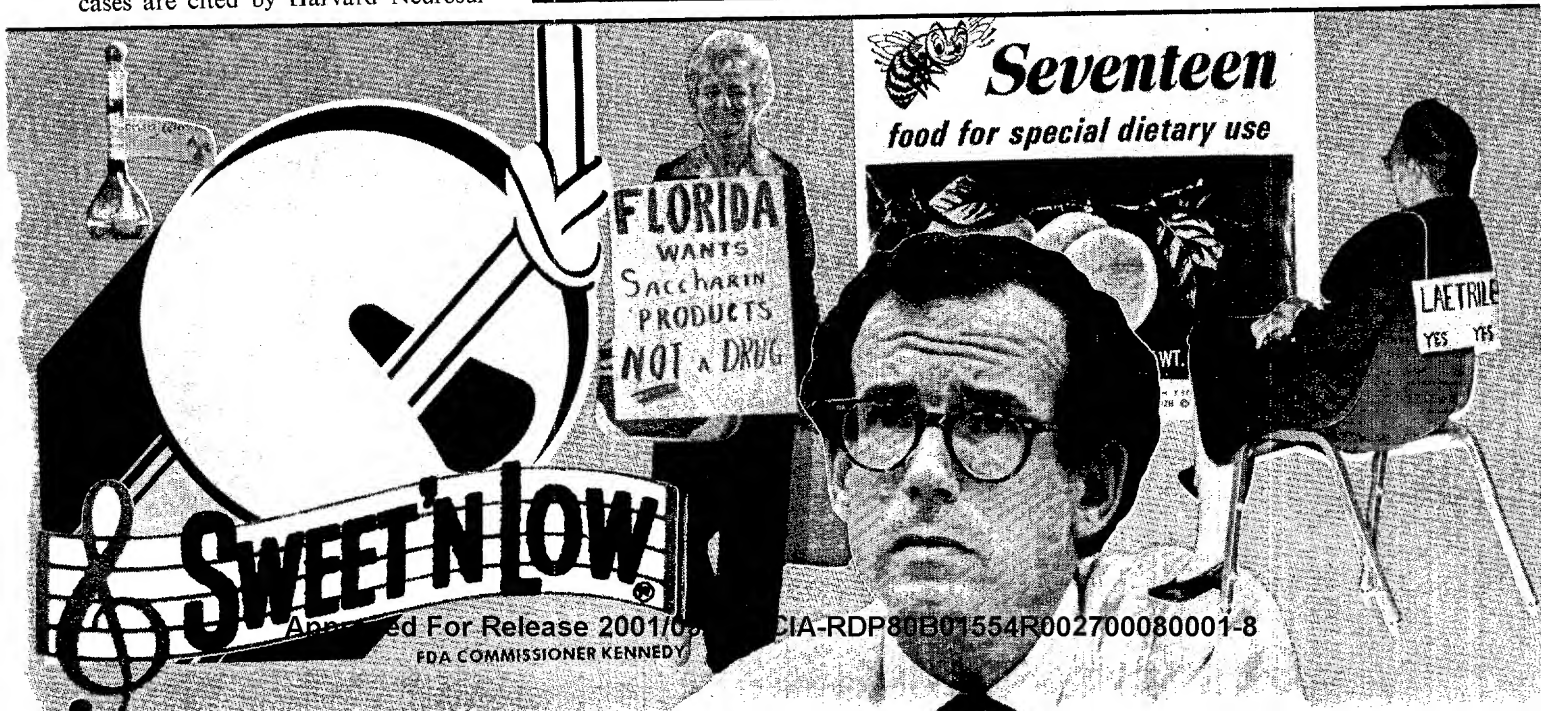
LAETRILE, an extract from crushed apricot pits that releases minute amounts of cyanide in the body. The drug's propagandists claim that it helps prevent cancer, reduces tumors and relieves pain. Despite the FDA ban, anyone who wants to eat crushed apricot kernels—sometimes sold as "vitamin B₁₇"—can legally buy them in some health-food stores.

DIMETHYL SULFOXIDE (DMSO), a chemical byproduct of papermaking that purportedly reduces bruises and inflammation, eases pain and relieves ills from bursitis to cold sores. Doctors com-

monly prescribe DMSO in Australia, Canada and some European and South American countries, but it can be used legally in the U.S. only on animals.

GEROVITAL, a compound based on a well-known painkiller (one trade name: Novocain). Gerovital is sold in several European countries as a fountain-of-youth drug. The FDA has banned it because it has been proved neither safe nor effective.

SACCHARIN. After laboratory rats that consumed enormous amounts of it developed cancer, the FDA proposed banning saccharin from commercially prepared foods and beverages but allowing its sale as a nonprescription drug.



Freedom of Choice and Apricot Pits

In one of his chronic outbursts against doctors, Mark Twain once complained that the "insane" monopolistic American medical system was "an infamous thing, a crime against a free man's right to choose his own assassin." Twain's fulmination is now being echoed by contemporary opponents of the medical establishment. Championing Laetrile, their painless apricot-pit panacea, they are insisting that Americans should be allowed a "freedom of choice" to pick their own cancer therapy.

It is a clever—indeed beguiling—battle cry. It again evokes nostalgic memories of a simpler, more ruggedly individualistic and freer America, where citizens relied less on Government and were in turn less encumbered by it—paying fewer taxes able to build on their property without restriction, allowed to bear whatever firearms they wished. The crusade also has a basically humanistic ring. For all the progress in the war against cancer, medicine's advances have seemed agonizingly slow to many people, especially to this killer disease's victims and their desperate families. Finally, the Government's fervent opposition to Laetrile, barring it even to the terminally ill, seems not only cruel but fundamentally contradictory. The nimblest Washington lawyers find it difficult to rationalize a ban on a substance that, in reasonable quantities, apparently can do no direct harm, while at the same time the Government permits the sale of a known carcinogen (cigarettes) and may soon revoke its ban on a suspected carcinogen (saccharin). Says the Food and Drug Administration's chief counsel, Richard Merrill: "It is hard to provide an appealing rebuttal in this case."

In fact, Laetrilemania seems to be only one facet of a broader rebellion. The signs of revolt are everywhere—from the refusal of motorists to buckle their seat belts to the fascination with occult healing. Some feminists insist on teaching themselves how to perform their own gynecological examinations in order to regain control, as they put it, of their own bodies from the male-dominated medical profession. Vastly different ideologies may be at play, but these grievances express a common discontent with officially proclaimed wisdom about public health. (Though he himself is suffering from cancer (and refuses to take Laetrile), Dr. Franz Ingelfinger, the witty editor of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, has said it well: "Forbidden fruits are mighty tasty, and especially to those who hope that a bite will be life-giving.")

So why not throw in the sponge on Laetrile? The FDA could run a few tests on the alleged wonder drug to assure itself of its basic innocuousness, slap a Surgeon General-type warning on it ("The Government has determined that Laetrile, alias vitamin B-17, can do nothing for your health"), and let it loose in the marketplace, along with such other pharmaceutical miracles as cold tablets, skin creams and vaginal deodorants. Under the Government's nodding supervision, the purity of the product might then be assured, the flourishing black market in Laetrile—which has netted some of its pushers millions of dollars—would finally be broken, and the nostrum could be given despairing patients beyond all hope of conventional medicine.

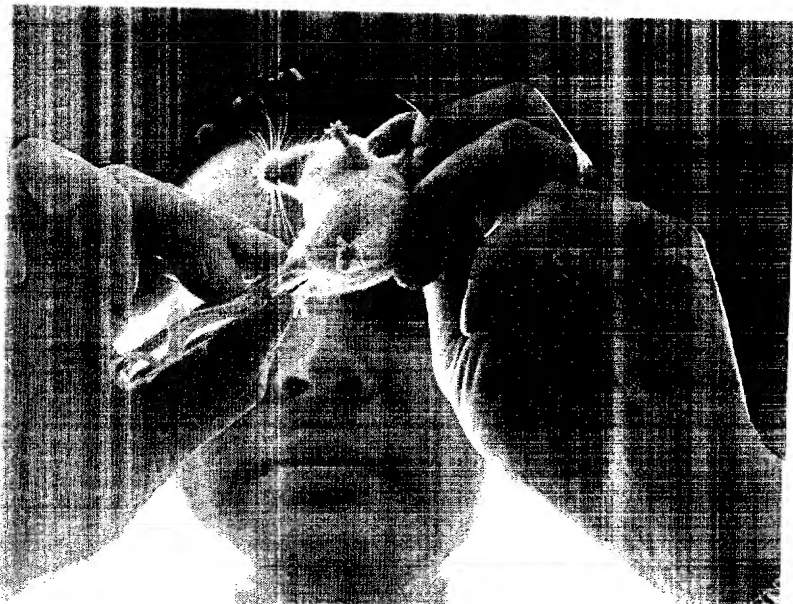
Unfortunately, as innocent as such a solution may seem, it is filled with as many perils as, well, a 19th century medicine man's wagon. In the case of cancer, quick remedies involve more than hustled ladies sipping alcohol-laced Lydia Pinkham's compound or husky baldpates rubbing themselves with hair-growth oil. They are a cruel hoax that distracts cancer patients from possibly effective therapy. Even if it were accompanied by a caveat, an FDA stamp of approval for Laetrile would draw still more cancer patients away from conventional treatment—with disastrous consequences. Says Dr. Vincent DeVita, director of cancer treatment at the National Cancer Institute (NCI): "Hardly a day goes by now that I don't hear of a case of a patient dying after leaving accepted treatment and taking Laetrile."

Of course, it is conceivable that the medical establishment may be wrong about Laetrile. History is filled with examples of medical shortsightedness. In the early 18th century, the Rev. Cotton Mather, of all people, was accused by Boston doctors of interfering with the "all-wise providence of God almighty" by recommending inoculation against smallpox. Louis Pasteur evoked the fury of medical savants with his germ theory of disease. Even in our own day, medical ideas change as often as skirt lengths. Until recently, U.S. doctors almost always insisted on removing the breast when cancer occurred there. Now, under pressure from women horrified by the prospect of such mutilation, they are finally beginning to restrain their scalpels and try alternatives, notably radiation therapy, that have long been favored by European doctors. Similarly, many doctors are now having second thoughts about the value of hysterectomies, which are about as common as tonsillectomies.

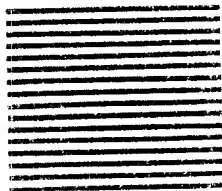
Still, the growing grass-roots movement may soon force the Government's hand. NCI's acting director, Dr. Guy Newell, has already indicated that his agency may, in spite of the absence of any positive animal data—a prerequisite in the case of all other purported anticancer drugs—undertake a clinical test of Laetrile on humans, something it has steadfastly refused to do. Though he still considers Laetrile "an out-and-out fraud," DeVita allows that testing it may be more ethical, more beneficial and less harmful to the public than what is happening now.

Possibly, as Ingelfinger suggests, a public trial supervised by a combination of doctors and laymen might do more to bury Laetrile than all the official debunking. It would perhaps help repair the badly strained bond between medicine and the American people. Yet a too easy acquiescence by the FDA could, like any strong medication, produce unwanted and even dangerous side effects. By letting individuals use Laetrile, regardless of its value, the Government would be abrogating its traditional responsibilities to protect the national well-being. It could also fan the already widespread public suspicion of contemporary medicine and incite or scientific expertise generally. However justified such suspicions may occasionally be, the notion of setting lay judgment and emotions against the best advice of science raises disturbing questions. Above all, the benefits of a public test must be weighed against the dangers of false hopes raised and the health care system undermined.

Frederic Golden



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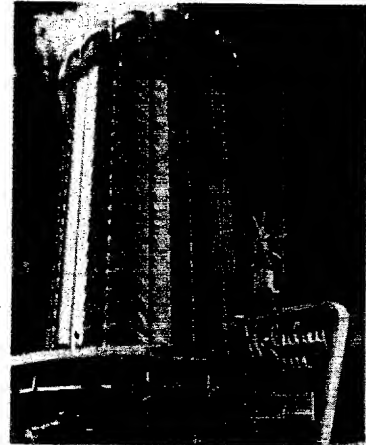
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**"THE POOL IS FREE. BUT THEY
SHOULD CHARGE ADMISSION TO SEE ME DIVE!"**



BROOKE HAYWARD PONDERING THE ROLLER-COASTER RELATIONSHIP IN HER NEXT BOOK



WARHOL PONDERING HIS BUDDY HOPPER



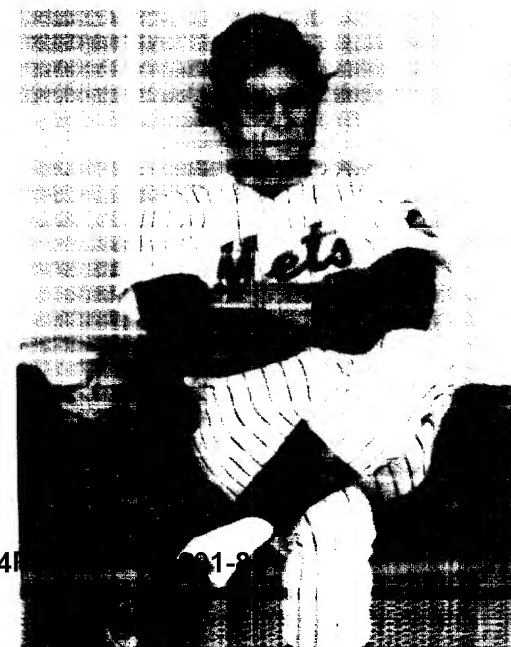
"It will be a love-hate story about a cowboy and a naive, well-brought-up Eastern girl who had a passion for each other," says **Brooke Hayward**, 39, emphasizing the past tense of the verb. The story she describes will be told in her next book, a sequel to *Havwire*, the best-selling memoir of her childhood. This time the focus will be on Brooke's stormy, eight-year marriage to Actor-Director **Dennis Hopper**, which ended in 1969. As for Hopper's creative activities of late, he was sitting for a portrait by a longtime friend, Artist **Andy Warhol**, and working on a screenplay of a **William Burroughs** novel, *Junkie*. His collaborator on the screenplay is Satirist **Terry Southern**, who is also collaborating with Hopper on his autobiography. His life with Brooke, says Hopper, 41, will be no more than a "peripheral part" of the work.

The S on **Barbra Streisand's** T shirt does not stand for self-effacing. It advertises her latest record album, *Superman*. In one of the songs, *Don't Believe What You Read*, La Streisand puts journalists in their place with a flex of her mighty vocal cords. It seems that a Los Angeles columnist got it wrong in claiming that Barbra allows her pet birds to fly freely indoors at home, dropping "little messages" all over the place. Barbra was very peeved at the report, she says in a rambling set of liner notes. Accordingly, she set to work with Songwriters **Ron Nagle** and **Scot Matthews** on a number that "would accommodate my

feelings about this kind of pull-the-wool-over-the-eyes-of-the-public journalism." As for the rest of the *Superman* album, what can Barbra say? Only this: "Clark Kent, eat your heart out!"

Deep in the cellar and rife with disgruntled stars angry at Board Chairman **M. Donald Grant's** tight contracts, the New York Mets made popular player **Joe Torre** their manager and immediately got red hot, winning seven of nine games. Can they repeat their Cinderella performance of 1969 and become world champs? Unlikely. But Torre, 36, who

TORRE WORKING MAGIC ON THE METS



PEOPLE

practices self-hypnosis "to eliminate the negative in my approach to life," has his team thinking positive and feeling loved. "The key to the game is being relaxed," he says. Coach **Willie Mays** has a simple explanation for Torre's instant success: "He treats his players like men, not schoolboys."

There were British, American, French, Swedish and Israeli warplanes, a Soviet SST and even a new Polish crop duster, a jet that can fly only 100 m.p.h. But the star of Paris' biennial Air Show was **Anne Morrow Lindbergh**, 70, whose husband **Charles** touched down at Le Bourget airport 50 years ago at the end of his epic transatlantic flight. With her son **Scott**, she made an appearance for the dedication of a memorial to **Lindy**. Displaying a delicate sense of the appropriate, Transportation Secretary **Brock Adams**, in attendance to open the U.S. pavilion at the show, gallantly passed his ceremonial scissors to Mrs. Lindbergh. French President **Valéry Giscard d'Estaing** also paid his respects. Mrs. Lindbergh won over everyone with a graceful tribute to pioneering French aviators, including **Charles Nungesser** and **François Coli**, who disappeared at sea on a transatlantic flight in 1927. Said she: "It takes as much courage to have tried and failed as it does to have tried and succeeded."

Jane Fonda is at rope's end in her latest movie, *Comes a Horseman Wild and Free*, now filming in Colorado. She plays a small rancher who pools her resources with neighboring Landowner **James Caan** to fight off greedy Cattle Baron

Jason Robards and a passel of oil companies lusting after their range land. **Caan** had little trouble with his cowpuncher part; riding rodeo happens to be a hobby of his. **Fonda** knew how to ride horseback, but tossing a lasso properly took practice—about 20 hours' worth. After one unsuccessful roping attempt, the not-so-delicate **Fonda** displayed a natural ability at free-style cursing. Said an admiring **Caan**: "Now you're talking like a real cowboy!"

"It is a delight to play something very far away from one's self," says **Roddy McDowall**—and by that standard he must be well nigh delirious with pleasure. The actor, 48, takes the part of an 80-year-old gypsy matriarch in *Rabbit Test*, a loopy, feminist-tinged film that is co-authored and directed by Stand-Up Comic **Joan Rivers**. It is the story of a bashful night-school English teacher (**Billy Crystal**) who falls in love with a gypsy girl. Then the hero discovers, courtesy of McDowall's tea-bag reading, that he is pregnant. Whatever else can be said about Roddy as a crone, it is an evolutionary step upward from his most notable role: that of a superintelligent chimp in the sci-fi *Planet of the Apes* epics.

Whichever of the gods was assigned to fairway patrol had a special smile saved up for **Gerald R. Ford** last week.

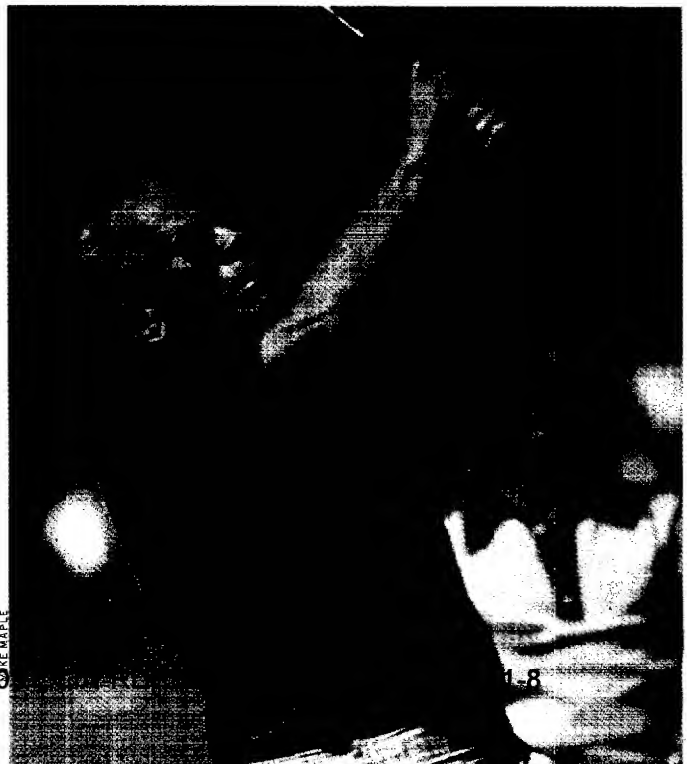
RODDY MCDOWALL AGING DISGRACEFULLY

Playing in the pro-am event at the Danny Thomas Memphis Classic, the former President smacked a five-iron in the general direction of the par-three, 167-yd. fifth hole. As his Secret Service bodyguards goggled in amazement, Ford's deftly hit ball landed a couple of hops away from the cup and then rolled right in. It was his first hole in one. Alas, Ford's team did not manage to win the event; they finished fifth in a field of 52.

COWPUNCHER JANE FONDA ROPIN' A CALF ON THE SET

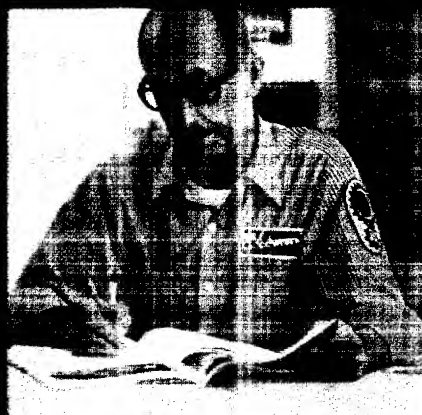


JERRY FORD SHOOTIN' FOR AN ACE ON THE COURSE



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ANITA BRYANT & HUSBAND GETTING GLAD ELECTION TIDINGS



GAY RIGHTS LOSERS CONSULE EACH OTHER IN DEFEAT

THE SEXES

'Enough! Enough! Enough!'

Resplendent in a powder-blue dress, her red hair immaculately coiffed, the woman of the hour flashed a dazzling smile of triumph. "The 'normal majority' have said, 'Enough! Enough! Enough!'" Singer Anita Bryant told cheering supporters and newsmen in Miami Beach. "Tonight, the laws of God and the cultural values of men have been vindicated." By a smashing 2-to-1 majority, the voters of Dade County had just endorsed Bryant's fervent crusade for the repeal of an ordinance outlawing discrimination against homosexuals in housing, unemployment and public accommodations. To celebrate their victory in last week's referendum, Bryant and Husband Bob Green smooched for newsmen. Said he: "This is what heterosexuals do, fellows."

Bitter Fight. So ended the emotion-laden fight over a local statute that had become the focus of the homosexual rights struggle nationwide. The battle to repudiate the county's lawmakers was involved. Bryant's Save Our Children, Inc. rallied some 3,000 volunteers, who rang bells, sent out mailings, manned phones and chauffeured the elderly to the polls. The association won the support of a key conservative rabbi, fundamentalist Protestant clergymen and Roman Catholic Archbishop Coleman F. Carroll, who wrote an anti-statute message that was read to the faithful at Masses. In addition, the local TV stations, the *Miami News* and the *Miami Herald* opposed the ordinance.

Leading the crusade, Bryant argued that the statute condoned homosexuality, which she claimed was against God's law. The mother of four children, Bryant scored most heavily when she

claimed that the ordinance would force principals to hire homosexual teachers who could lead their pupils astray.

In conservative, middle-class neighborhoods, in fundamentalist communities and in the family-oriented Cuban sections, Bryant and her legions pressed their fight in more graphic terms. She told a gathering of Cubans, "It would break my heart if Miami would become another Sodom and Gomorrah and you would have to leave again." Full-page newspaper ads bought by the association suggested that an epidemic of child pornography might result if the voters approved the ordinance.

Miami's homosexual activists—who organized well themselves—also overdramatized their case. Some gays attached pink triangles to their clothes, reminiscent of the yellow star that Jews were forced to wear in Hitler's Germany. This tactic backfired badly.

In essence, the gay rights leaders failed to convince the voters that defense of the ordinance was a human rights issue that needed legal protection. Admitted Attorney Marshall Harris, a pro-ordinance Democratic Party activist: "Most people saw it as a vote on moral decline, life-style and permissiveness—not human rights."

At election-night rallies in the fashionable Fontainebleau and Dupont Plaza hotels, gay leaders were defiant and angry in defeat. Some homosexuals hugged and kissed in front of the cameras. One of the leaders was Leonard Matlovich, a Viet Nam War hero and the former Air Force sergeant who deliberately provoked a discharge in 1975 to challenge the service's right to dismiss a man for homosexuality (TIME cover, Sept. 8, 1975). Matlovich led a

crowd of followers singing a version of *We Shall Overcome* and launched into Anita Bryant's favorite tune, *Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

Many gay leaders claimed that Bryant had united them for the first time—the battle, they said, was "the Selma" of the movement.* Sergeant Matlovich, however, warned that "stormy times are ahead. I fear repression. Some gays are going to have to be prepared to make sacrifices—even die."

Across the country, gay communities responded to the Miami defeat with angry marches. In San Francisco, 5,000 activists staged a noisy, impromptu three-hour parade downtown after hearing of the loss. In Chicago, about 175 men and women held a candlelight vigil at midnight. In New York, hundreds of homosexuals marched through Greenwich Village for two straight nights shouting "Gay rights now!" On both evenings, former Congresswoman Bella Abzug, who is running for mayor, calmed the crowds. Abzug, who supports the movement, urged the demonstrators to go home and get some rest: "It's a long fight. You have to continue fighting tomorrow and the next day."

New Vigor. Gay activists plan to press their drive for full civil rights with new vigor, posing complex legal and moral problems for the courts and lawmakers. So far, the loss seems to have had no effect on a bill breezing through the liberal Massachusetts legislature that would outlaw discrimination against gays in public employment. If enacted the measure would be the first such state law in the nation. In Washington, Congressman Edward Koch, who represents Greenwich Village, has rounded up 38 sponsors for a federal gay

*In 1965 state troopers clashed violently with civil rights marchers in Selma, Ala., and gave the black rights crusade a rallying cry.

rights bill, but is skeptical of its prospects. Last week's vote didn't help. Says Koch: "Congress will not take action before cities and counties throughout America enact legislation."

Anita Bryant and her troops, meantime, are preparing to broaden their Save Our Children movement beyond Miami. Bryant is weighing the possibility of opening a Washington office for her crusade and may barnstorm the country to oppose gay rights ordinances.

At week's end 28 members of the board of directors of the National Gay Task Force, representing a number of homosexual organizations throughout the country, met in New York City to plot a nationwide strategy. Activists in San Francisco, Chicago, New York, New Orleans, Houston and San Antonio were ready to picket Bryant if she turned up.

An unpleasant indication of what could lie ahead for the singer occurred

the day after her victory in Miami when she appeared in a religious crusade in Norfolk, Va. Some 100 gay righters hooted with derision and noisily left after she read biblical passages that condemned homosexuals as sinners. Bryant wept with frustration. She urged the homosexuals to repent, saying that she too had been a sinner, but was saved by the grace of God. Clearly, neither side was prepared to listen to—let alone heed—the other.

Not Yet Equal Under the Law

The special fear and loathing of homosexuals in American society has various psychological causes, but much of the discrimination they suffer is firmly abetted by the legal system.

In many ways the Bill of Rights was designed to protect minorities from the tyranny of the majority. But no clause in the U.S. Constitution guarantees any special safeguards to persons attracted to their own sex; gays are usually dependent entirely on protection supplied by legislatures or granted by changes in public mores. Even the embattled Equal Rights Amendment, if approved, would protect only against discrimination by sex, not sexual preference. And as last week's Miami referendum demonstrates, gaining popular approval for gay-rights-equality laws promises to be a long, perhaps impossible fight.

Much of Western opposition to homosexuality is based on Judeo-Christian teachings, particularly biblical prohibitions ("Thou shalt not lie with mankind as with womankind; it is an abomination"). Laws based strictly on religious injunctions are unconstitutional unless they serve a compelling secular purpose. In the case of antihomosexual statutes, the social goals are vague and difficult to pinpoint but real to most people. Some law writers say such statutes preserve the American family concept. Others suggest that they guarantee continued propagation of the species. Still others

say the goal is discouragement of promiscuity, or the adherence to a philosophical-moralistic notion of "correct" conduct. Whatever the underlying social good—and the law has not articulated it well—the courts have generally divined it and upheld the laws.

But is society any more justified in discriminating against gays than it is in showing bigotry toward blacks? After all, some psychologists believe a man has no more control over his sexual preferences than a black has choice of his skin color. And gays, notes Attorney Walter Barnett in his book *Sexual Freedom and the Constitution*, "are human beings who suffer from their niggerdom as much as any black man ever did, even more so." With the rise of gay militancy, at least 38 communities (but no states) have adopted laws prohibiting discrimination in jobs or housing or public accommodations. A total of 18 states have removed felony strictures for all sexual acts between consenting adults—laws usually aimed at homosexuals.

The major problem with the theory that being gay is like being black is that most psychologists believe homosexuality is conditioned, not congenital. The prominence of gay "role models" like public school teachers could arguably influence youth to experiment with homosexual practices or give vent to repressed gay tendencies.

In recent years homosexual advocates have taken heart from a series of

U.S. Supreme Court decisions establishing a constitutional right of privacy in many circumstances. The court has used the new right, nowhere specifically mentioned in the Constitution, to void laws restricting the sale of contraceptives, prohibiting possession of obscene material in the home and outlawing abortions. Even so, the court is obviously in no mood to extend privacy rights to sexual deviants, particularly homosexuals. Fourteen months ago, without even bothering to hear formal arguments, the court voted 6 to 3 to affirm a decision upholding Virginia's antisodomy statute.

A major legislative breakthrough for gay rights also seems unlikely. Whenever the matter is brought to a well-publicized popular vote, it usually is defeated. Legislative easing of sodomy statutes has invariably been camouflaged as part of overall criminal-code reform; when the topic has been discussed on its own, so-called antideviancy laws have been retained or even strengthened. Ironically, those statutes are usually worded to prohibit "deviant" acts (such as fellatio and cunnilingus) by heterosexuals as well, even though various sex surveys show that perhaps 80% of all U.S. adults have indulged in at least one of these practices.

Considering all these obstacles, the gays have made remarkable advances. A consensus has now emerged that homosexuals should not be discriminated against in housing, many jobs and public accommodations. In the end, homosexuals are likely to get full rights only when—and if—the public perceives that they are no threat to that part of society's established value system that is rooted in heterosexuality. The battle for equal treatment must be won in the hearts and minds of the American people.

Most Americans today would probably agree with John Stuart Mill that the only limit on a man's pursuit of happiness should be that his actions must not hurt others. Most citizens do not care what gays do in private (arrests for consensual bedroom activities are exceedingly rare), but draw the line at voicing outright approval, fearing that somehow, some way, the acceptance of homosexuality would hurt society. Not being sure of the possible dangers, Americans prefer to be safe.

BELLA ABZUG TALKING TO GAY RIGHTS DEMONSTRATORS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE



Seattle Slew Gallops to a Coronation

Belmont Park race track, a sprawling oasis of green and gentle silence just half an hour from Times Square, has been Seattle Slew's home since he was broken, and its winner's circle is familiar ground. There he won the first race he entered, a six-furlong sprint. His dazzling 9¾-length victory in the Champagne Stakes last fall—bettering Secretariat's time in the premier race for two-year-olds—earned him the Eclipse Award as the season's best juvenile colt. From a barn on the Belmont backside, he trained for his victories in the Kentucky Derby and Preakness. On the eve of the Belmont Stakes, the final jewel in the Triple Crown, Owner Mickey Taylor said: "This is our gym. Slew has the home-court advantage." Last week Seattle Slew galloped around his gym and came home breezing, the tenth winner of the Triple Crown and the first undefeated Crown Champion in American racing history.

Racing Royalty. Slew's four-length win in the mud was dominating, almost daunting. His pace on the off-track was 5⅓ seconds slower than Secretariat's stakes record, but the win was electric in its ease: Slew loped over the 1½-mile course as if he were putting in a leisurely workout. He broke cleanly from the gate, and was headed only for a few seconds as the field sorted itself out for the grueling Belmont distance. When the call for the first quarter-mile came, he was rating gently on the lead, relaxed and running smoothly. From then on, he coasted, flicking away in turn brief challenges from Spirit Level, Run Dusty Run and Sanhedrin. It was a hand-ride all the way for the big dark bay. Jockey Jean Cruguet tapped him twice with an uncocked whip in the stretch, looked for contenders over first one shoulder, then the other and, 20 yards from the finish, stood up in the saddle. He went past the wire with his whip held triumphantly aloft.

Seattle Slew thus entered a small enclosure of racing royalty that includes Gallant Fox, War Admiral, Count Fleet, Citation, Secretariat. And with a particular distinction: alone among the Triple Crown winners, Seattle Slew has a perfect record. The Belmont Stakes was his ninth trip to the starting gate and his ninth run to the wire as a winner. In the week before the Belmont, there was little doubt among backstretchers that Seattle Slew would complete his sweep. Secretariat Owner Penny Tweedy Ringquist, whose Spirit Level took his shot at Slew and lost, said: "Seattle Slew is head and shoulders above every other horse his age. He has speed, courage, luck and endurance. And he has been brilliantly trained."

Trainer Billy Turner prepared Seattle Slew for the Triple Crown quest with a cool deliberation that caused more second-guessing than usual along the backstretch. He purposely raced him little, harnessing his show of speed to guard against the fatal misstep that stalks the big, fragile-legged thoroughbreds. Slew's schedule was matched with equally undemanding workouts. Horsemen were quick to point out that he was slightly "short"—not in peak form—for the Kentucky Derby. After that race, Cruguet dawdled briefly up the track before riding into the winner's circle, because Slew was winded. Said the jockey, "I didn't want him panting there like some cheap horse."

But Turner's gentle methods have made Slew, a natural front runner, into a sound horse who "rates kindly," or can tolerate another horse in front of him—at least for a while. Unlike Bold Forbes, last year's speedball, he is amenable to racing tactics. His scanty schedule contrasts with Majestic Prince, who in 1969 also came to the Belmont unbeaten, but was a raced-out, exhausted horse. In a punishing run with Arts and Letters, Majestic Prince placed second; sore-legged and spent, he never raced again. Turner, Owners Karen and Mickey Taylor, and Veterinarian Jim and Sally Hill determined that the same fate would not befall Seattle Slew.

Exactly how good is the new champ, and how does he compare with colts of memory fresh and dim? His light racing experience somewhat handicaps judgment, as does the lack of first-class competition. He has seldom shown the scorching times of Secretariat, nor does he appear to have Big Red's hunger for the killer win, as in Secretariat's unforgettable 31-length victory in the Belmont. Slew seems content to put out enough to win and no more.

Rich Reward. Seattle Slew will take a few months off. In the fall, fans and handicappers should have a chance to judge his greatness when he goes back to work at Belmont in the rich handicap and weight-for-age races like the Woodward and the Jockey Club Gold Cup. There is a good possibility of a dream race against Forego, the seven-year-old gelding that has been Horse of the Year for the past three years and is—unless Slew can beat him—the best horse now running. If Slew stays sound, his owners insist, they will race him next year as well. If they persevere, the decision to race as a four-year-old is a bold one. The Taylors and Hills have turned down stud-syndication offers ranging as high as \$14 million; the premiums on Slew's \$3.5 million insurance policy run a huge \$2,000 per week. Those are heady figures for a colt bought at auction for a bargain-basement \$17,500. But Slew's owners want to return some of their good fortune to the sport. For racing fans, a four-year-old campaign by a Triple Crown Champion would be rich reward indeed.

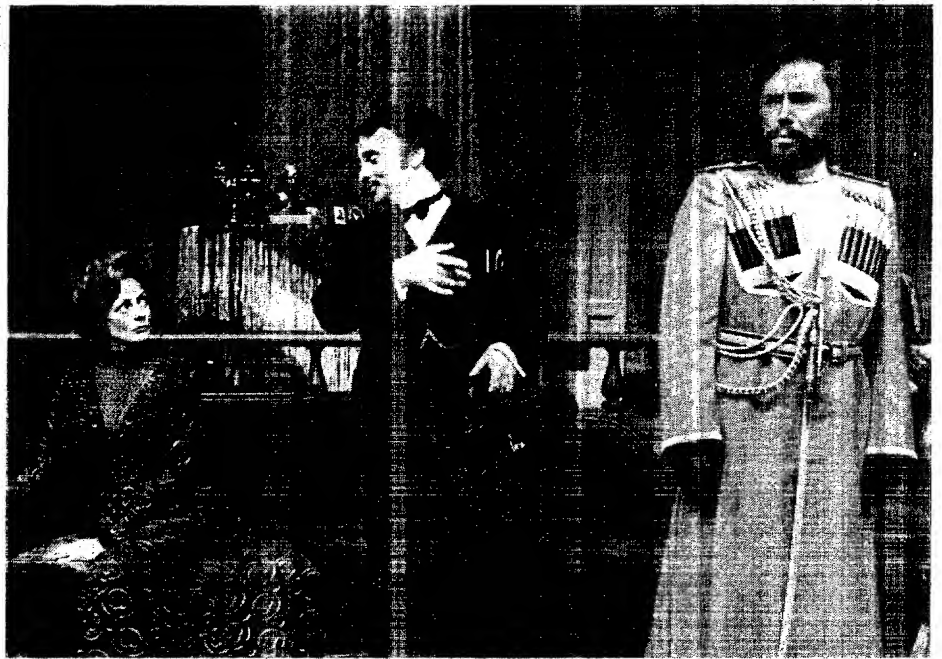
JOCKEY JEAN CRUGUET JOYOUSLY WAVES HIS WHIP AS SEATTLE SLEW WINS THE BELMONT



THE THEATER



MAGGIE SMITH IN *MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM*



A SCENE FROM FERENC MOLNAR'S *THE GUARDSMAN* WITH SMITH, WHELAN & BEDFORD

Stratford's Reunion with the Classics

The 25th season of the Stratford Festival coincides with the Silver Jubilee of England's Queen Elizabeth II, and Stratford, Ont., is proudly aware of it. The trumpets that herald curtain time at the Festival Theater sound a fanfare of brassy assurance, and the plays follow each other across the stage like a regal pageant. Canaan built and has sustained a distinctive national theater, and that is fit cause for pride. Herewith, a sample of this summer's offerings:

A *MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM* by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

This play is moon-struck, magical and mythic. This production hints at these qualities but never quite lends them a fairyland shimmer and substance. Shakespeare's rich fund of verbal imagery all but makes up the deficit. If no real bird song lulls in a bosky dell, the playwright's words linger in the air like ineffable music. Shakespeare seems to extol a gentle harmony in nature, which he feels that gods, kings, lovers and men of common clay would do well to emulate. A shrewd judge of audiences, he sows discord to whet the appetite for concord.

It is not so much the errant hand of Puck (Lewis Gordon) who sprinkles the distilled magic flower potion onto the eyelids of the dreamers at the wrong time as it is the master-hand of the Bard. It is he who wakens the starved lovers and sets them in pursuit of those who will

it is he who inspires the Queen of the Fairies, Titania (Maggie Smith), to love in adoration on Bottom (Alan Scarfe) after the head of an ass has been grafted on him.

Only a man steeped in the theater as Shakespeare was could have conjured up a band of rustics bent on drumming up a play to honor their sovereign's wedding. He cast them as journeymen actors arduously bent on not missing a cue while botching up a scene. With their comic earthiness, they very nearly steal the show. As for lofty gravity and the true melodic rendering of the Shakespearean line, Maggie Smith is one of the sweetest singers this side of Avon.

THE *GUARDSMAN* by FERENC MOLNÁR

Even a festival devotedly committed to the classics can afford a little sophisticated comic relief, and that is what this play provides. The Lunts won vast acclaim with *The Guardsman* when they opened in it in 1924, though one can scarcely imagine this somewhat fragile comedy holding its own on Broadway now.

Two stylish egocentrics known only as The Actor (Brian Bedford) and The Actress (Maggie Smith) feel that the statute of limitations may be running out on their restively argumentative marriage. They have been married only six months. Apart from being dogged by a creditor (Richard Whelan), the husband

the marriage his wife had had nine liaisons and that each affair lasted exactly six months. Madly in love with her, the husband decides to put his wife's devotion to the test. He will try to seduce her in the guise of a Russian soldier-prince.

Hungarian Playwright Molnar works this all out like a game of chess with delightful ambiguity, some suspense and a saucy wit. Everything depends on the two leads. In his jealous anxiety, Bedford can twitch his nose like a mouse scenting cheese. He affects a synthetic Russian accent that is weirdly comic and as the disguised suitor, he woos his wife with the ardor of a drawing-room Cossack.

A formidable comedienne, Maggie Smith brings her entire arsenal of comic weapons to this role. Her arms and hands move like birds wheeling in opposite directions, and she can count her fingers, which she does, and break up the house. She can say one word—"no" like "gnu"—and be wildly hilarious. The paradox is that women as beautiful as Maggie Smith are rarely funny; she is enchantingly both.

RICHARD III by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The center of the stage is a freshly lighted O. King Richard stands alone, wreathed in the whirling smoke of combat on Bosworth Field. Moments later, he is to die. In a piping whisper of bewilderment, he says, "A horse. A horse. My kingdom for a horse."

This scene suggests the idiosyncratic or Robin Phillips



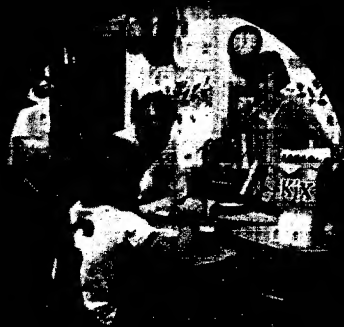
**How come
I enjoy smoking
and you don't?**

Salem's why. Great taste. Fresh menthol.
Switch to Salem for enjoyment.

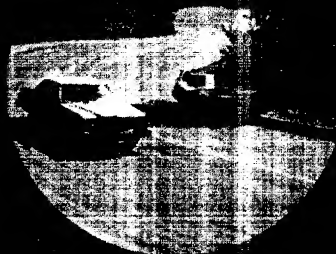
Salem King & Salem 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

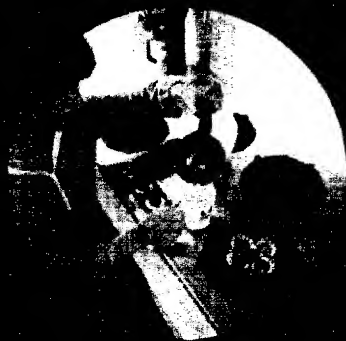
KING, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.



7:45AM—Breakfast is served from a carton made by Packaging Corporation of America.



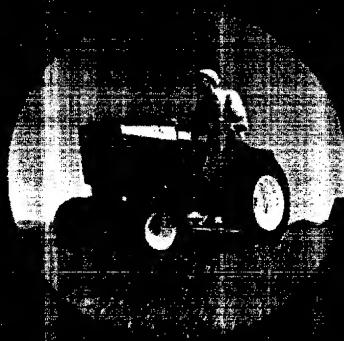
8:15AM—Exhaust systems from Walker Manufacturing help keep the country clean and quiet.



10:00AM—Our Tennessee Gas pipelines warm the coffee break.



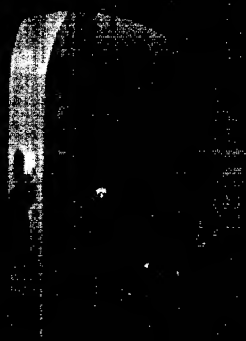
2:00PM The rancher's delight: raisins from Tenneco West.



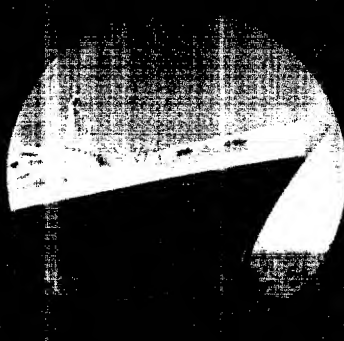
5:30PM—Mowing the easy way with a garden tractor from J I Case.



8:00PM Dinner out? Credit Tenneco Chemicals with the superior vinyl your credit card is made of.



11:15PM You've got Tenneco Oil to help keep you and your family snug and warm.



MIDNIGHT Newport News Shipbuilding may be overhauling the cruise ship you're dreaming about.



Have a Nice Day With Tenneco.

It's almost a certainty that you'll use many of Tenneco's products in the course of a day. Starting even before you get out of the house in the morning.

7:45AM—Take a little thing like the carton your breakfast cereal comes in. Our Packaging Corporation of America makes cartons and containers for almost every type of product made in America.

8:15AM—Do you drive to work? Your car may be the one in every three that's equipped with exhaust system components from our Walker Manufacturing. Even if it isn't, your world is cleaner and quieter because Walker parts are on so many other cars.

10:00AM—While you're taking a coffee break, Tenneco stays on the job. Depending upon your location, the natural gas keeping the coffee pot hot may have traveled across half the country through Tenneco's system of natural gas pipelines.

2:00PM—Those raisins your child has for an afternoon snack may come from Tenneco West. Tenneco West also markets Sun Giant® fruit, vegetables, almonds and dates. It's all premium quality.

5:30PM—If you mow your lawn the easy way, you could be doing it with a garden tractor

from JI Case. We got our experience making the big ones for farmers. Case also manufactures a complete line of construction equipment.

8:00PM—Enjoy dinner out? You're probably paying for it with a credit card made from plastic produced by Tenneco Chemicals. Our vinyl goes into hundreds of consumer products.

11:15PM—If you live along the Atlantic seaboard, Tenneco may have been working for you all day long: through distributors we're a supplier of home heating oil. We get most of our oil from wells in the U.S., on and offshore. Tenneco has drilled, is drilling, will drill; but even so, please turn your thermostat down.

MIDNIGHT—You've had a long day and now you're in the middle of a dream about a cruise in the tropics. Dream on: our Newport News Shipbuilding, among other things, repairs and overhauls cruise ships, up to Queen Elizabeth II. Well, it's certainly been a pleasant day. See you tomorrow.

For more information about the Company you spend so much time with, write to Dept. Y-1, Tenneco Inc., Houston, Texas 77001.

Tenneco

takes to the text and the way in which Brian Bedford, as the King, follows it through. Shakespeare speaks of Richard as "hell's black intelligencer," "that bottled spider this poisonous bunch-back'd toad." The risk one runs in matching this billing is to make archvillainy seem a trifle ludicrous. Yet it can be done, as Olivier showed by making Richard a vaulting devil of ambition.

In Bedford's performance, the impression is more that of a spoiled brat who murders his enemies on whim. Yet there is distinct logic to some aspects of Director Phillips' conception. Rarely has Richard's deformity—or his embittered awareness of it—been so vividly emphasized. His black-gloved left arm hangs in useless rigidity. The heel of his crippled leg never quite touches the stage as his body lopes about in a bobbing crouch.

While it is no snap to sort out the kings in *Richard III*, the stage is also festooned with ruined queens. As Queen Margaret, widow of Henry VI, murdered in the Tower by Richard's own hand, Margaret Tyzack makes prophecies with the molten passion of a Cassandra. As Queen Elizabeth, whose two young boys are slain in the Tower, Maggie Smith delivers an arresting lament. In a scene of audacious psychological insight, Shakespeare has Richard woo Lady Anne over the coffined body of her father-in-law (Henry VI). Richard has also murdered her husband, but he pleads that he was impelled to it by an ail-consuming love for her. The enticing Martha Henry, who plays Anne, begins this scene in a tearful fury and ends it with a tiny purr of awak-



PENNELL & TYZACK IN *GHOSTS*

A performance of incendiary brilliance, ened sensuality. Out of his unerring intuition, Shakespeare knew that a strong emotion at its peak is volatile and may be swiftly transformed into its opposite.

GHOSTS

by HENRIK IBSEN

Some actors sink their teeth in a role, others into the beating heart of the play. When Margaret Tyzack as Mrs. Alving utters the word *ghosts*, the inexorable shades of the past stir spec-

trally between her lips. They are, first of all, haunting family ghosts. But there is an added dimension, the ghosts of shackling conventions, of numbing superstitions. These Ibsen felt, distort truth and hamper freedom. He saw them as maggots of the mind that festeringly mar human actions just as syphilis is rotting the brain of Mrs. Alving's son.

Young Oswald Alving (Nicholas Pennell) is a painter who has come home to Norway after several years in Paris. He reveals the nature of his mortal illness to his mother, and she finally reveals that he is the hereditary victim of his father's debaucheries. Ironically, his late father is about to be honored by the dedication of a new orphanage in his name. The legal executor of this project is Pastor Manders (William Hutt), and in the early scenes of the play, he duels intellectually with Mrs. Alving.

Manders is the frock-coated pillar of local society. He had once denied the urgings of his own love for Mrs. Alving when she had fled to him from her unbearable husband. He prates of duty and discipline and chides Mrs. Alving on the libertarian tenor of the books she reads.

Hutt captures the self-serving hypocrisy of Manders with photographic precision. Margaret Tyzack gives a performance of incendiary brilliance. Her Mrs. Alving is tough-minded yet oddly vulnerable. She has fought a lifelong holding action against herself that has ultimately paralyzed her will. In the final scene where she cannot bring herself to give her son the morphine pills that will end his life but secure his dignity, she becomes, through the sorcery of Margaret Tyzack, a figure of awesome pity. **T.E. Kalem**

Papp's Curtain at Lincoln Center

When he became head of theater at Lincoln Center four years ago, Producer Joseph Papp promised the equivalent of a New Deal for drama in New York City. Last week, in a more somber mood,

THEATRICAL PRODUCER JOSEPH PAPP



Papp, 55, announced he was quitting the center to concentrate on his experimental theaters in Lower Manhattan. In language that a bureaucrat might envy, he described his move as a "strategic withdrawal forward."

Most others would describe it as a retreat. Though Papp has raised his box office receipts at Lincoln Center to a current high of nearly \$4 million, costs have risen alarmingly: this season's budget was \$6.2 million, up more than a third from last season. Foundation and government support, on which Papp's ventures have always depended, has been shrinking. He has managed to cover his Lincoln Center deficits only by using the Broadway profits of his phenomenally successful *A Chorus Line*, which started off as an innovative musical in Papp's downtown Public Theater.

The figures tell only half the story. Papp was never happy at Lincoln Center. He has always been at his best working with new playwrights, and he gave his new generation of playwrights a

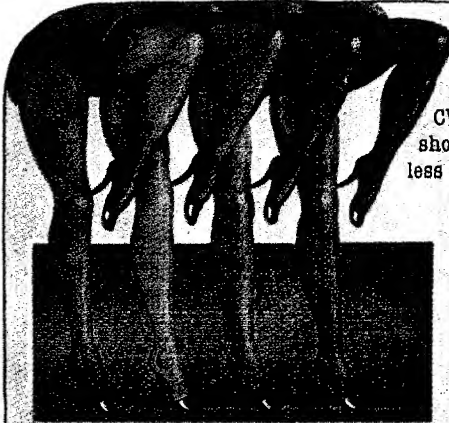
ers—David Rabe, Jason Miller, David Rudkin—who would not have been let in the front door by more profit-minded producers. The classics—with the exception of Shakespeare—make Papp nervous. He never felt at home with Lincoln Center audiences, who demanded at least some older plays to balance the new. Said Papp last week: "I feel I cannot grow at Lincoln Center. It's a showcase, not a place where things develop."

Finally there was the seemingly insurmountable problem of the Vivian Beaumont Theater itself. Designed with flexibility in mind, it has proved to be remarkably rigid, combining the bad qualities of both theater in the round and traditional proscenium stage—with the advantages of neither.

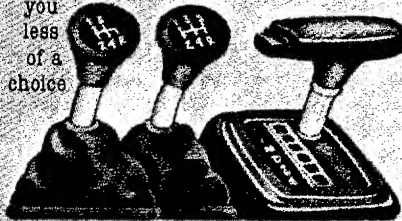
Papp's decision caught Lincoln Center officials off guard, and for the moment they have no plans beyond a search for other producers. They may not be easy to find. Papp is the second tenant to fail at the Vivian Beaumont. "This is a sort of bad-luck house," says Bernard Gersten, his associate producer. "It has no" yet worked for anybody. I hope it will.

THE INCREDIBLE, UNDER \$3300, PISTON-ENGINE MAZDA GLC*

Can you believe Honda CVCC hatchback and VW Rabbit cost more and have less?



CVCC and Rabbit and all other cars in GLC's class, for that matter, give you less of a choice

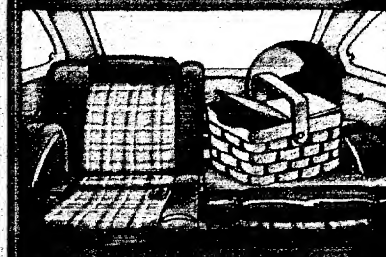
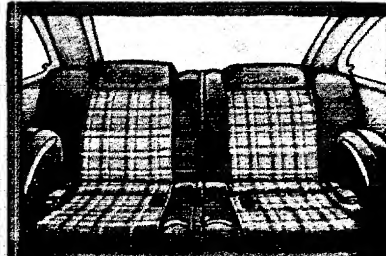


of transmissions. GLC has a standard 4-speed manual transmission, optional fuel-saving 5-speed, and smooth automatic.

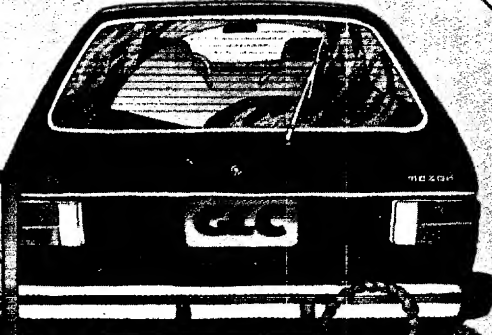
**EPA estimates based on the optional 5-speed transmission. Your mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition, and available equipment. 42/32 mpg Calif.



The CVCC and Rabbit have less room for your legs in front, and less room for shoulders in back than GLC. CVCC has less room for hips and shoulders in front, while Rabbit has less room for your head. Read on.



A split-rear seat. CVCC doesn't have one. And neither does Rabbit. In fact, no one else in GLC's class has one. This versatile seat suits your transportation needs to a T—carrying people, or people and packages, or just packages. GLC's wide carpeted deck is bigger than CVCC's or Rabbit's.



GLC wipes out the competition in its class in such standard niceties as a rear window washer and wiper, and rear window defroster. For visibility in general, GLC has more total glass area all around than CVCC or Rabbit.

***GLC**
MEANS GREAT LITTLE CAR

"Under \$3300" refers to the Deluxe model shown here. GLC prices start at under \$3000 for the standard model with fewer features (slightly higher in California and certain high altitude areas). Taxes, license, freight, and optional equipment (such as stripes shown) are extra.



This feature here is something no other car in America offers at any price. An electrically operated remote control hatch that unlatches automatically. The hatch opens from the outside as well, and the size of the hatch opening itself is bigger than CVCC's or Rabbit's.



Genius Disguised As a Sloth

"Modern pictures, editions of books and modern prints"—the eight words above Ambroise Vollard's name on his business letterhead make up one of the inn signs of our century. Occasionally, there emerges from the scrum of picture salesmen a dealer with an almost mediumistic sense of the art of his time and place. Genius, of a sort, is needed to pick geniuses, and in the past 75 years fewer than a dozen art dealers, from

Kahnweiler to Castelli, have had it. Vollard was their great prototype.

In his cluttered gallery on Rue Lafitte in Paris, stacked floor to ceiling with rolled canvases and folios of prints, Paul Cézanne, Pablo Picasso and Henri Matisse had their first one-man shows. (Cézanne was 53 when Vollard "discovered" him in 1892 by buying five of his at auction for a paltry 900-odd francs.) Buying cheap and selling dear, he got

in on the ground floor of Gauguin, Van Gogh, Bonnard, Vuillard, Renoir and Chagall as well. He then ploughed his fortune back into the publication of artists' prints and deluxe editions of texts classical and modern.

"This blessed Vollard has grandiose ambitions," Camille Pissarro remarked in 1896. "He wants to launch himself as a dealer in prints. All the dealers are waging war against him for he is upsetting their petty trade. . . . He is a real moth; I am afraid his fate will be the taper's flame!" It was not. If any single publisher can be said to have created the status of the multiple work of art in our century, it is Vollard. To him, the limited-edition print industry today owes its being.

Last week a survey of Vollard's 45 years of work as impresario went on view at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. It is the kind of show that only a museum with the resources of MOMA could bring together—more than 450 prints, books and bronzes, accompanied by a *catalogue raisonné* by Art Historian Una Johnson, and all assembled by MOMA's director of prints and illustrated books, Riva Castleman.

Secret of Success. Vollard was a bizarre figure: no wonder other dealers saw him as a *métèque*, an interloper, before they earned to fear him. He arrived in Paris to study law in 1890, coming from the insignificant French colony of Réunion Island. He had black blood in his veins. A vast, slow-moving creature like a sloth—though one of his artists, Dunoyer de Segonzac, nastily compared him to a giant ape hanging in the shop entrance—Vollard cultivated a

VOLLARD PORTRAIT BY RENOIR (1917)



PEN & INK VERSION BY PICASSO (1938)



VOLLARD HOLDS EASEL IN MAURICE DENIS' HOMAGE TO CÉZANNE (1900)



FROM PICASSO'S VOLLARD SUITE (ca. 1937)



strategy of immobility. He stroked his cat, pretended to doze, listened and said little. "You sleep a lot," was his advice to a fledgling dealer who asked the secret of success.

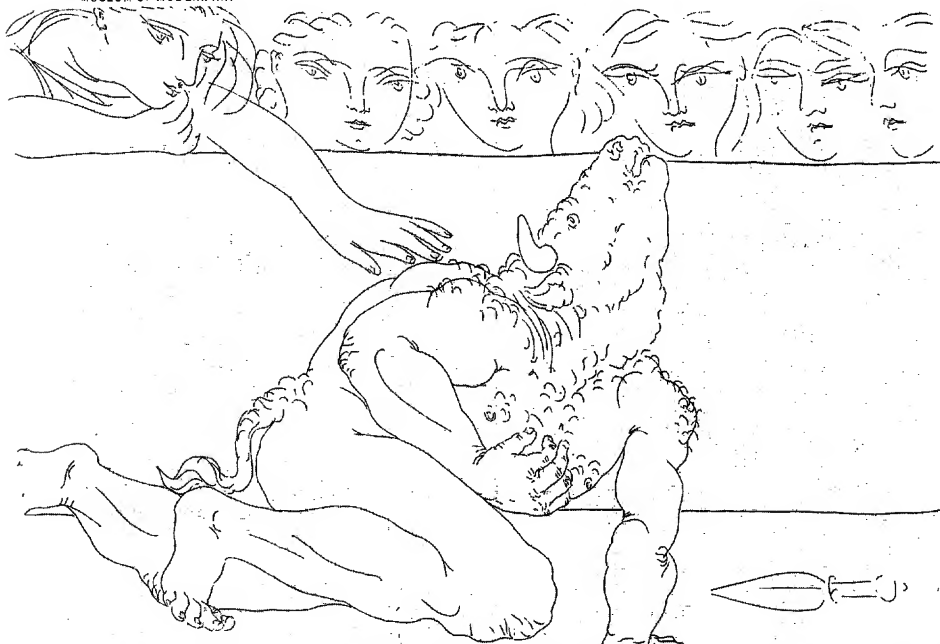
His bookkeeping was vague, his meanness unpleasant—it was Vollard who kept Gauguin on short rations in Tahiti—and his narcissism immense. "The most beautiful woman who ever lived," said Picasso, "never had her portrait painted, drawn or engraved more often than Vollard—by Cézanne, Renoir, Roussel, Bonnard, Forain, almost everybody in fact. He had the vanity of a woman, that man." But he also had an exquisitely tuned eye and a great deal of patience; the combination enabled Vollard, as publisher, to master the innumerable problems involved in producing major collaborations between artist and text.

Atrabilious Power. He was never in a hurry. Indeed, from the artist's point of view, he was sometimes not hurried enough: Vollard was quite capable of holding onto an artist's designs and plates for years before releasing them, and one edition of a work by Pierre Louÿs with aquatint-etchings by Degas came out in 1935—18 years after Degas died. But Vollard's graftings—Picasso onto Balzac's *Chef-d'Oeuvre Inconnu*, Bonnard and Verlaine's *Parallèlement*, Chagall with the Old Testament and Gogol's *Dead Souls*, Odilon Redon with Flaubert's *Temptation of St. Anthony*—were inspired. They produced some of the finest illustrated books made in Europe since the 18th century.

Artists rose to the challenge. One does not realize how well Segonzac could



BONNARD'S THE LAUNDRESS FROM ALBUM OF PAINTERS-PRINTMAKERS (1896)



draw until one has seen his sweet, nervously articulated pastoral etchings for Vollard's edition of Virgil's *Georgics*. Picasso's *Vollard Suite*, 98 of whose 100 images are on view in an upstairs gallery of the museum, remains the greatest of his etching cycles, just as Georges Rouault would never produce images of a more terse and atrabilious power than the 58 plates of his *Miserere* series, 1916-27. Vollard's appetite for new ideas, fresh artists, was perfectionist and insatiable. Did he, as was grumbled, exploit the painters who made his prints and illustrations? Yes and no. Those whom, like Rouault, he could dominate, he did; but there was no way past the shrewdness of Degas or Picasso. Perhaps, at this range, Vollard's business tactics hardly matter beside what he gave the artists in the first place—backing, confidence and an unprecedented access to the print, its possibilities laid forth at the most exacting standards of craftsmanship.

Robert Hughes



SHRINE WINDOW DEPICTS MISSIONARY DAYS

The Saint They Almost Overlooked

He stood but 5 ft. 4 in., so they called him "the little priest." He was a shy sort, not much of an orator, and enough the awkward immigrant from Bohemia that some of his colleagues lobbied in vain with Rome to keep him from becoming the bishop of cultured Philadelphia. When he died at 48, the carvers misspelled his name on the tombstone.

John Nepomucene Neumann,* who on June 19 becomes America's third Roman Catholic saint, was no ecclesiastical superstar, but a priest of simple piety and workaday faithfulness. So much so that Vatican officials who screen candidates for sainthood nearly overlooked him. They shelved his case in 1912 because of serious doubt whether he had displayed the necessary "heroic virtue."

Neumann's advocates persisted, and they finally got a hearing with Pope Benedict XV and a board of Cardinals in 1921. Just a few hours before that meeting, the main opponent of Neumann's canonization collapsed and died in a

*Pronounced Noy-mun; not to be confused with John Henry Newman, the celebrated Catholic theologian who was a contemporary in England.

barber's chair. Benedict subsequently designated Neumann as Venerable (worthy of veneration and a proper recipient of private prayers)—the beginning of the long process to sainthood. In doing so the Pope set a precedent for the future judgment of possible saints by declaring: "Even the most simple works, performed with constant perfection in the midst of inevitable difficulties, spell heroism in any servant of God."

Priest Surplus. This path of humble heroism began when Neumann graduated from seminary in Prague but could not get ordained because there was a surplus of priests. He took a boat to New York City in 1836, hoping to be a missionary even though he had no assurance that there was a job for him. German-speaking priests were in short supply in America, and Neumann was quickly ordained and dispatched as a missionary to farmers around Buffalo. He later ministered in Pittsburgh, Baltimore and many other towns.

In 1842 Neumann became the first man received into the Redemptorist order in the U.S., and only five years later was named head of the nation's Redemptorist missions. After two years he asked to be relieved of the administrative burden, which made him an unlikely candidate to be a bishop. But Neumann's quiet spiritual stamina appealed to Francis Kenrick, who had left Philadelphia to become Archbishop of Baltimore. When Neumann heard that Kenrick was recommending him as his successor in Philadelphia, he beseeched nuns to pray against such an appointment, which he considered "a grave calamity for the church."

Pope Pius IX thought otherwise, and in 1852 Bishop Neumann plunged into the hurly-burly of mid-century church affairs. The debt-ridden church was swelling with poor immigrants, and Neumann was forced to become absorbed in bricks-and-mortar fund raising. He began building churches at the rate of one almost every month, and devoted much care to the completion of the cathedral roof. He was particularly concerned with the building of Catholic schools, for he said openly that public schools were dens of immorality and heresy. When he became bishop, only 500 Philadelphia children went to parochial schools; within three years that number rose to 9,000.

It was Neumann's deep spirituality, not the buildings, that fostered a campaign for sainthood, beginning six years after his death. Once he was pronounced Venerable in 1921, the next stage was to be named Blessed, which meant that no miracles were required by the Vat-



NEUMANN'S BODY ON VIEW IN ALTAR

Try one More.

If you've already tried More, you know it's like any really good cigarette.

Only more.

More is longer. And it burns slower. So, you get more time to enjoy those extra puffs of smooth, mild taste.

If you haven't tried More, what are you waiting for? It's got everything you've always wanted in a cigarette.

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FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Last night after dinner I told my family the bad news. I had this class assignment to monitor our use of energy at home for a week. Our family got an F.

Tuesday night my brother watched the same two hour movie on his TV set that we were watching in the living room. Not too smart. Thursday Mom ran an entire dishwashing cycle for three cups, two plates, a knife and three little spoons. That's a lot of electricity and hot water down the drain.

Dad drives twenty-eight miles back and forth to work. Alone. When two men he works with live right nearby. They could carpool and save about a thousand gallons of gas a year. And me. I'm guilty too. I went out and left the radio blaring in my room all Saturday morning. Dummy.

So last night at the dinner table we all agreed to do everything we could to conserve energy. Faster showers. Lower thermostats. Fuller cars. It's a fact that this country's using up energy faster than we produce it. I read where we may run out of oil—forever—in thirty years. Pretty scary. Unless every person in every house on every block does his part, the future looks pretty dim.

I'm getting more and more concerned about the future. Because that's where I'm going to be.

Atlantic Richfield Company believes that one of our national goals must be to make every American aware of the vital need to conserve energy. You can help make it happen. Be an involved American. Consider the facts. Take a stand. Get involved.

For a booklet with more information on this issue, please write: Atlantic Richfield Company, Energy Conservation, P.O. Box 30169, Los Angeles, CA 90030

ARCO



ONLY DATSUN

has all three kinds.



The standard kind.



The stretch kind.



One of a kind.



There are trucks similar to the Li'l Hustler Standard and Li'l Hustler Stretch.

But there's only one King Cab.™

So Datsun is the only small truck maker who gives you a choice of sizes, both inside and out.

The regular Li'l Hustler has a six-foot bed. The Stretch has a bed over seven feet long. The King Cab practically gives you a bed inside, with its reclining bucket seats and up to 113 cubic feet of cargo space behind the seats. And all three Datsuns offer an optional 5-speed or automatic transmission.

One other thing to keep in mind:

Even though we said some trucks are similar to Li'l Hustlers, Datsun builds pickups as if they had to last forever. Which is probably why Datsun is America's best selling small pickup.

So, if you're not fussy about what you get, you can get a small pickup anywhere. But if you are, your Datsun Dealer is where it's at.

Suddenly it's going to dawn on you.

DATSUN SAVES

ter's proposals are more to stabilize farm prices without driving them so high that U.S. goods are forced out of foreign markets. High price supports, critics contend, fuel inflation, tempt farmers to grow more than they can sell and enable less efficient growers to pursue wasteful ways. So far, legislators do not agree—and unless they back down, the stage is being set for an open confrontation between Carter and a Congress controlled by his own party.

AUTOS

Floodtide for Imports

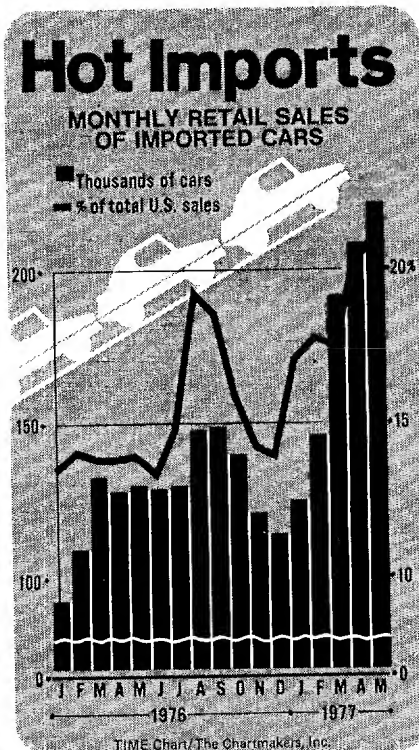
"It's the hottest car in the U.S. today," says New York City Auto Dealer Frank Silvestry of the Honda Accord. Many experts would agree. Pertly styled, carefully engineered, with front-wheel drive and able to travel up to 48 miles on a gallon of gas, the Japanese-built Accord practically sells itself, and buyers around the country are willing to wait three to eight months for delivery. The Accord, however, is only the most spectacular example of the massive assault on the U.S. being made by imported cars, which now account for 21% of all new autos sold in the American market. In May foreign car sales surged to 220,000 units, the highest monthly level ever and a stunning 72% increase over the same period last year. By contrast, domestic car sales last month rose 5.1% over the previous May, to 833,393—about 40,000 less than some industry experts had predicted.

Spearheading the import drive are the Japanese automakers. Toyota's models are the biggest sellers, Datsun's second and Honda's third. Volkswagen, once the undisputed leader in auto imports, now ranks fourth—even though sales were up 80% in May over a year earlier. Part of the reason for the imports' jolting success is that they are generally small compacts, lean on fuel and relatively comfortable to drive. One senior Detroit auto executive wondered last week "how the foreigners can produce that much value for the money." Some industry analysts think that foreign-car sales, growing for months, were given a lift by President Carter's energy message in late April, which stressed the need for more fuel-efficient autos.

Another reason for the success of imports is that U.S. automakers have dealt

hands. They have done little more than scale down existing models to meet the challenge of foreign competition. Chevrolet's Vega has been a dud; the Chevette is cramped and lacks style, and so does Ford's Pinto, despite its healthy sales. Detroit does share indirectly in the import boom through sales of autos built abroad by subsidiaries or affiliates of U.S. companies. That includes such models as the Dodge Colt, the Plymouth Arrow and the Buick Opel, all built in Japan, and the Lincoln-Mercury Capri, assembled in Germany. Ford expects to roll out its German-made Fiesta in U.S. showrooms later this summer.

Nice Problem. But American automakers will not be ready with U.S.-engineered cars capable of meeting the foreign challenge until the start of the 1979 model year, about 15 months from now. At that time, General Motors, for one, expects to be offering front-wheel-drive models with small engines that consume little fuel. Until then, industry analysts say, the only thing that could slow sales of imported cars would be an inability of foreign manufacturers to make and ship their models to the U.S. fast enough to meet demand. American automakers should have such a problem.



The Fresno Raiders

Late one Friday afternoon in November 1975, executives at the Los Angeles headquarters of Bateman Eichler, Hill Richards Inc., California's largest brokerage firm, got a series of disturbing phone calls. All 25 employees in the firm's Fresno office—17 account representatives, two trainees, six back-office assistants—announced that they were quitting, with no advance warning. Most distressing to Bateman Eichler was the employees' destination. They moved en masse across Shaw Avenue to open, on Monday morning, the brand-new Fresno office of Bateman Eichler's competitor, Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis.

Even by the standards of the securities industry, whose firms constantly raid each other for experienced employees, spiriting away an entire branch office was an unusual act, and last week it brought an unusual judgment. An arbitration panel of the New York Stock Exchange ordered Paine, Webber to pay Bateman Eichler almost \$1.1 million in damages. In addition, the arbitrators assessed damages totaling \$45,000 against three of the former Bateman employees for conspiring to engage in unfair competition. The damages were less than the \$2.5 million that Bateman had asked in a California court suit filed on the Monday that the Fresno employees switched allegiance (the court tossed the case to the Big Board), but the penalty is still the heaviest ever imposed by the exchange against a single member firm.

Widespread Practice. The award seems likely only to make Wall Street's employee rustlers a bit more circumspect, not to stop their activities. Last week brought new indications of how widespread the practice is. Just as the N.Y.S.E. award was being announced, Manhattan-based Bache Halsey Stuart Inc. sued Loeb Rhoades & Co. Inc. for \$5 million damages, charging that Loeb Rhoades had pirated 17 salespeople out of its New Orleans and Orlando, Fla., offices. Bache also sued its former managers of those offices for conspiring with Loeb Rhoades to purloin trade secrets, and asked the New York courts to stop the firm from using any customer information that the Bache employees might have taken along with them. Loeb Rhoades strongly denies doing anything wrong.

Why the game of musical chairs among brokerage offices? In the securities industry, as in the insurance and advertising businesses, specialized skills and customer contacts are all-important. Wall Street firms often find it cheaper to hire a competitor's employee than to train someone new, and that the easiest way to win accounts from a rival is to hire the brokers who service them. Even the firms that count them-



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HONDA'S BESTSELLING ACCORD

...the... rivals. Only a month before the French office defected. Bauman had forced five members of the trading department of Mittemm Jones & Rompien Inc. And Loeb Rhoades, in response to a Bathe complaint, asserted that Bathe two years ago had turned away its entire foreign institutional department. Loeb Rhoades did not state why a spokesman declared that is the break of the joint.

ENTREPRENEURS

Backyard Bonanza

Charles Stephen, a prosperous man with a hearty appetite for just about anything cooked over a charcoal fire, could not find a smokeless barbecue grill that delivered the slow, even heat he wanted. So one day in 1951 he selected a building from the Chicago steel-metals factory Weber Bros. Metal, of which he was part owner. He had it transformed into a novel, fashioned in operation, and installed the construction in the backyard of his home in Mount Prospect, Ill.

Stephen had no intention of turning it into a new business, but 26 years later, after steady but unspectacular sales, his grill has caught fire. It is one of the fastest-selling outdoor cookers in the country, and Stephen's factory in Arlington Heights, Ill., is humming trying to keep up with demand. Though the Weber Barbecue Kettle costs more than many competing models (the suggested retail price is about \$80 for the 22½-in. version), sales are increasing at 25% to 40% a year. In 1977, they reached more than \$20 million. The grills are each sold

STEPHEN WITH WEBER GRILLS



FRENCH PLANE MAKER MARCEL DASSAULT IN FRONT OF SOME OF HIS JETS

worldwide, then, for the nation's first. Australia, New Zealand, Japan. One reason for the popularity with all the talk about energy, people have an added incentive to use the gas or electric stove in their kitchen for cooking.

The secret of the grill's success, versatility, under its heat-distributing dome, a backyard chef can cook a pig, bake bread and produce a fire dinner at the same time. More so, the grill turned out to be a perfect charcoal miser, closing the damper extinguishes the fire, so that leftover coals can be re-used. These virtues, Stephen's neighbors clamor for copies. His initial grill after he had made a few of them, demand seemed so strong that in 1958 he left the steel-metal company to found Weber-Stephen Products and make the grills full time. In 1961, he moved over an old factory in Arlington Heights to increase output.

Stephen is currently backing up his grill with a corny promotion campaign featuring TV spots and live demonstrations in shopping centers around the country, during which company technicians set up a meal on an outdoor grill while a nearby dance band plays a reggae smokeless dinner is Weber.

Now a multi-millionaire, Stephen employs more than 200 people and owns five of his twelve children and a 75-ft. trawler, rents a colonial-style condominium, and has a golf course. It is his appreciation of the species that sizzle on his grill. This year he will start a promotion campaign to make Weber a grill for all seasons—spring not only to the summer, but also to the diehard, it sometimes from a barbecue after a day of hunting or Christmas Eve.

AIRCRAFT

Moving In on Dassault

Aircraft Manufacturer Marcel Dassault, 85, reputed to be richest man in France, always has been nihilistic about the fate of his company, he said. "Nationalization would ruin the year," he would not offer all but bad thing. Severe unemployment lies ahead, and with a nationalized company, you are sure that the state will somehow find a way to maintain the labor force. Dassault was talking about taking over a left-wing government should the Socialist-Communist opposition win the parliamentary election scheduled for next spring. Last week, however, a steady toward nationalization came early from a different direction. The government of President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing announced that it was taking 34% participation in Avions Marcel Dassault-Breguet Aviation 1976 sales \$1.7 billion without compensating the company's two owners, Dassault and his 52-year-old son, Serge. The stock transfer will be covered by canceling debts that the company owes the state. Non-hesitant in the family tradition, Serge said, "I don't see what the state gains by taking part of the company, but why not?"

Why not, indeed? Last year the company accounted for 41% of French aircraft exports, worth \$900 million, and earned profits of \$55 million. As of the first of the year, it had turned out 152 Mirage III and Mirage 5 jet fighters of which two-thirds were exported. To support sales of warplanes, including the Mirage F1, the Alpha Jet and the falcon (built jointly with the British Aircraft Corp.) are untroubled by any other European military aircraft maker.

ican as miracles attributed to Neumann's intercessions in heaven. One further healing was required for sainthood. The church provides these accounts of the Neumann miracles:

Eva Benassi of Sassuolo, Italy. In 1923, when she was eleven, she suffered acute peritonitis, and by the time a doctor was called he judged her beyond help. A nun at Eva's school, however, organized prayers to Neumann for healing and touched the girl's swollen abdomen with a picture of the bishop. That night the disease disappeared.

J. Kent Lanahan of Villanova, Pa. In 1949, at 19, he was standing on the running board of a car when it swerved into a utility pole. The crash crushed the young man's skull, broke his collarbone and punctured a lung. He was in a coma with a 107° fever and high pulse when doctors decided to cease treatment. A neighbor lent the parents a piece of Neumann's cassock. Soon after they touched Kent with the cloth he began to recover. Now a music teacher, Kent Lanahan says, "They couldn't explain what happened, so I guess it was the Man Upstairs."

Michael Flanigan of West Philadelphia, Pa. In 1963, when he was six, doctors gave him only six months to live because of what they considered an incurable case of Ewing's sarcoma, a bone cancer. Several times his parents carried Michael to the Neumann Shrine at Philadelphia's Church of St. Peter the Apostle, where the bishop's body is on display behind glass in the altar. Six months after the diagnosis was made, there were no signs of the disease.

All three of these healed people are still alive and will attend the open-air ceremony at St. Peter's when John Neumann is canonized by Pope Paul. John Cardinal Krol, Neumann's successor six times removed in the Philadelphia see, will join the Pope in celebrating Mass for some 20,000 people. Back home, Apostolic Delegate Jean Jadot will conduct Mass at the Aston, Pa., mother house of a nuns' order founded by Neumann, while ethnic delegations will parade to the Philadelphia shrine.

The traditional gifts presented to Pope Paul during the Vatican rites will include candles, bread and wine from areas where Neumann ministered, and a scale model of a school he founded. Another gift will be clothing to be donated to a needy family, signifying that Neumann gave away much of his personal clothing, food and money to the poor. Because of this, the most fitting tribute for America's new saint is a description of his crowded 1860 funeral, written with Main Line disdain in the Philadelphia *Bulletin*: "The chances of pickpockets were superior, had the pickings been desirable, but the ragged outcasts and very humble citizens with an infusion of colored little ones who made up the motley crew offered no tempting inducements for the light finger."

Tabloid Style

THE OTHER SIDE OF MIDNIGHT

Directed by CHARLES JARROTT

Screenplay by HERMAN RAUCHER and DANIEL TARADASH

Deep into this long, mawkish film, the script calls for Susan Sarandon to tumble from a rowboat into a stormy sea off Greece. What she plunges into is some of the phoniest-looking surf since a toy ship foundered in the special-effects tank in *The Caine Mutiny*. It looks all the more phony because we have earlier seen stunning views of the real Aegean. This neatly symbolizes the trouble with *The Other Side of Midnight*: the backgrounds are convincing, the drama has been churned up at the studio.

Between Sheets. The story, which made Sidney Sheldon's novel a roaring bestseller in paperback, traces the fortunes of a French girl (Marie-France Pisier), who is seduced and abandoned by an American pilot (John Beck) while she is pregnant. She goes on to sleep her way to the top of the French film industry and become the mistress of an Onassis-like Greek magnate (Raf Vallone), all the while nursing a scheme of vengeance against Beck. Sarandon plays the perky Washington public relations girl whom Beck marries before Pisier finally gets him under her thumb and between her sheets.

Midnight blatantly caters to tabloid feminine fantasies. Given a strong narrative surge and one or two vigorously hammy performances, it might have been good, trashy fun—a throwback to the overblown women's melodramas of two or three decades ago. But the film lacks the courage of its own vulgarity.

Pisier, the betrayed wife in last year's *Cousin, Cousine*, makes a peppery vixen, but ultimately her performance is blunted by two language problems: hers and the script's. Beck's pilot, who ought to be an irresistible heel, could be upstaged by a Parisian lamppost. Pisier's detectives tell her halfway through the film that they have found him, but dramatically, he remains a missing person throughout. **Christopher Porterfield**

Fun on the Farm

SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT

Directed by HAL NEEDHAM

Screenplay by JAMES LEE BARRETT, CHARLES SHYER and ALAN MANDEL

One of the surer signs of summer is the arrival of the annual Burt Reynolds country-and-western movie. Like their musical counterparts, these bumpkin epics (*Gator* and *W.W. and the Dixie Dancekings*) deal in broad comedy and simple emotions. Generally they just place their hero in one or more fast-mov-

ing vehicles while motivating one or more square characters to give chase to him. Between crashes, Reynolds is given a series of wisecracks that establish his basic screen character—shrewd, laid-back, a tad reckless and a devil with women.

This year's entry has Reynolds and a friend (Jerry Reed) accepting a bet that they can get from Georgia to Texas, pick up a truckload of Coors beer and bring it home in a day's time. The distance is 1,800 miles. The plan is for Burt, driving a sports car, to act as diversionary force if the Smokey Bears come around while Jerry chugs along with their precious (and, in Georgia, contraband) cargo.

Reynolds is soon offering aid and



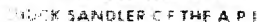
PISIER & BECK IN *MIDNIGHT*

Upstaged by a lamppost.

comfort to a damsel in distress. She is Sally Field, playing an industrial-show dancer who has deserted a yokel groom on their wedding day. He is a hopeless dummy, but his dad is not. His dad is, in fact, Jackie Gleason, portraying Buford T. Justice, a self-advertising legend among backwoods peace officers. He is determined to recapture Field for his boy. There is an endless chase, funnily staged by Needham. With the help of many CB friends, girl and brew are safely delivered from evil.

The whole enterprise is fairly tacky, but it is also rather jaunty fun. The primary market for pictures like this is the rural drive-ins, but city slickers should also enjoy *Smokey's* transitory pleasures. Indeed, the movie is far lighter on its feet than most of the super-productions that the studios are currently hyping.

Richard Schickel



Lobbying the Carter UFO

Skirmishes Lost. In a 10-11 vote, the lobbying action of the Business and Means Committee, now drawn from the many parts of the program, failed to convince enough of the House to "granting increased and regular access the Administration to all of the important skirmishes" in the committee, the committee decided the bill should be awarded "to buyers of all economic goods" in favor of the "would have favored improved being under Detroit's practice." While the means also decided to deny a vote

Doug "Warren" DeLoach, a representative from Pittsburgh, admitted he was confused by all the complexity and contradictions. I suppose I was not able to waver. But, God what a relief. Chuck Sanders, the American Psychological Institute, declared that for all the tensions, confusion, and contradictions, there was a consensus of his own organization's members' takes on what my mission was more difficult than managing the

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spend time monitoring meetings on Capitol Hill, Sandler oversees other aides in 34 state capitals. Also, he advises representatives of more than 70 Washington offices of oil and gas companies, suppliers and trade groups. Sandler tried out a speech on his 14-year-old daughter, who chirped, "To sum up, Daddy, all you want is more money." Says Sandler: "It's terrible to have to go out and say the oil industry wants more money. How do you get people to listen long enough to explain that?"

Nonetheless, the lobbyists frequently get measurable results. Dave Caney, a lawyer-architect and lobbyist for the American Institute of Architects, initially spent a frustrating week trying to talk with staffers at the Federal Energy Administration. His mission: to convince them that outside experts should do "energy audits" of schools and hospitals to see what forms of insulation and heating devices would make them more energy efficient. (Under the plan, \$900 million would be granted to the states to carry out such programs.) Caney tried reaching Democratic staffers on the House energy and power subcommittee, but to no avail; they were too busy. Finally, he got through—to Republican subcommittee aides. They listened, convinced Republican members who persuaded Democratic Chairman John Dingell that Caney had a point—and the subcommittee wrote the provision that Caney wanted into the bill.

Multiple Pressure. The lobbyists concentrate hardest on "swing" votes. Perhaps the most heavily lobbied individual in the House last week was Democrat Marty Russo of Illinois. His vote in the energy and power subcommittee was crucial to deregulation of natural gas prices. The industry wants it; the Administration does not, at least for the foreseeable future. In drumfire order, Russo was lobbied by Carter, Energy Chief James Schlesinger, Dingell, O'Neill, White House Lobbyist Jim Free, FEA Administrator John O'Leary and industry lawyers. The Consumer Federation's Ellen Berman spent seven hours with Russo, at one point debating American Gas Association President G.H. ("Bud") Lawrence in Russo's office.

As last week's vote neared, Russo told TIME's Don Sider: "I'm frank to tell you. I'm worn out." When his turn to vote finally came, he hesitated, then voted for continued regulation. But not enough of his colleagues went along. By a vote of 12 to 10, the subcommittee agreed to end control of gas prices. Lobbyist Berman had no time to mourn her loss. She was already on her way to the next big test, the House Commerce Committee, adding up pros, antis and swings along the way.



BROOKLYN UNION GAS CO. STORAGE TANK BEING FILLED IN NEW YORK

SUPPLY

The Direst Fears Disappear

During last January's Big Freeze, it seemed that the weather would never warm up fast enough to save the nation from a series of natural-gas emergencies. As fuel shortages forced the closing of many schools and factories, industry officials expressed fears that their underground reservoirs were being depleted so rapidly that they could not be built back to normal during the summer—dooming the U.S. to another shortage next winter.

Now those fears have faded. As the weather in much of the nation turned milder in February, then downright summery in March and April, demand for natural gas fell. The Emergency Natural Gas Act passed by Congress last February helped too. It enabled gas-consuming states to buy—at high unregulated prices—supplies that had been held in such producing states as Texas and Louisiana. Supplies in storage have now been rebuilt to the point that factories burning natural gas can count on getting enough to keep them running through the summer and fall. Since supplies are being replenished faster than they are being used, reports the American Gas Association, by fall "we'll be in our traditional start-of-winter posture: full storage." Meaning: homeowners and most factory managers can forget about being cut off if next winter's temperatures are fairly normal.

Other dire fears of last winter have also disappeared. A shortage of fertilizer had seemed likely because large quantities of natural gas are needed to make it, and a Government survey

found manufacturers' inventories to be low. But the survey did not count the inventories of wholesalers and retailers, who had built record stocks. Farmers this year have enough fertilizer to enable them to produce huge crops (see ECONOMY & BUSINESS).

Gasoline supplies once threatened to run low this summer because refiners had to devote more of their production than usual to heating oil during the icy winter. But now only a few spot shortages of unleaded fuel are possible. On June 3, at the start of the warm-weather driving season, national inventories of motor fuel totaled 257 million bbl., 38 million bbl. more than a year earlier, and driving has not been increasing much. During the first four months of 1977, drivers used only 1.9% more gasoline than they did during early 1976.

Toward Compromise. None of this means that the nation's long-range energy squeeze is less threatening. The U.S. is still importing more than half of its oil, and prices could rise above their already inflated levels. Reports spread last week that Saudi Arabia, the world's largest oil exporter, had decided to raise its prices 5% by July 1. That would bring its quotes up to the general OPEC level and heal—or at least paper over—the bitter split that developed in the cartel last December (the eleven OPEC countries that raised prices 10% then would supposedly cancel a further 5% boost scheduled for July 1). The Saudis are not talking officially, but OPEC negotiators have been trying for months to work out some such compromise.



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

AGRICULTURE

Lush Crop of Discontent

At harvest, Eastern farmers have as much to complain as they are to brag. Farmers are bringing in the third and last big wheat crop in a row, huge plantings of soybeans, corn and other grains are completed and weather permitting prospects for bumper yields of these crops are as bright as spring sunshine. And this is the best of news to inflation-hungry consumers, who can expect at least relatively moderate increases in food prices. Despite the big winter losses in fruit and vegetable prices caused by Eastern freeze and Western drought, the Government predicts that food prices this year will rise somewhere between 4% and 6% over a range of crops of 14% to 22% and again in 1977.

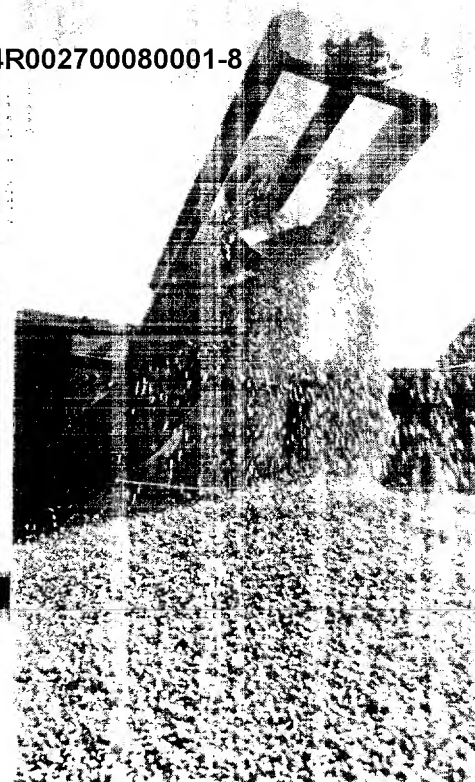
On the farm, the picture is very different. The farmers who are gathering the big harvests are in a mood of wining and complaining. Prices for some of their most important crops are sliding, and net incomes are falling. Now farmers want Government help in the form of higher subsidies, especially for wheat and soybeans—the embarrassment of President Carter, who it is threatened will leave farm folk so generous as to impair his own balancing the budget in 1977.

Pangs of Plenty. The biggest headache for farmers is the growing glut in wheat. Last week the Agriculture Department forecast that despite last winter's drought and destructive winds, this year's winter wheat crop would come in at 2.1 billion bu., only about 3% less than last year's mammoth harvest. The third crop, including spring wheat that matures in the fall, is expected to be about 1.1 billion bu. That would be slightly less than the record 2.5 billion bu. crop in 1975. But still more than U.S. and foreign buyers combined are likely to buy.

Meanwhile, the price of wheat is down in average of almost 3% for the year. Crop Growers' companies that crop continues to slip, they will not have enough to cover production costs. Earl Hayes, president of the National Wheat Growers Association, says wheat farmers are in a severe depressed situation. Net farm income has dropped from an all-time high of \$3.3 billion in 1973 to \$2.2 billion last year, and has continued to decline. So far, not a blinch of the rise in food prices this year, says Hayes, was caused by rising costs of transportation, prices and marketing. Hayes notes that the Government survey of 400 farmers in 1976 found that 40% are still not able to repay their bank debt and could go out of business.

Part of the responsibility for growing wheat surplus rests on the farmers themselves. Sensing a tight market, expanding "heavily over" in wheat, which would depress prices, the National Farm Bureau said. Reason: federal price supports are based on the percentage acreage seeded, and farmers wrote up as much of their land covered by supports as possible. In addition, record-breaking wheat crops were harvested worldwide last year, cutting into American farmers' export markets. The U.S. consumes only about 50-60% of its wheat crop, relying on foreign buyers to gobble up the rest. Another point: the global grain crop is forecast for this year, which will further soften demand for U.S. wheat. The Soviet Union, for example, is likely to gather in a near record 115 million tons of grain this year, or 10% less than last year's peak.

Some farmers are planning to burn some of the excess wheat to boost prices, but that would further hurt the government's grain program.



WHEAT BEING HARVESTED IN WASHINGTON THEN SPILLING INTO COMBINE TUB

luding demand. Farmers now planted almost 80 million acres of corn, about the same as last year, when they grew a record 60 million bu. Growers are concerned that the huge crop will cause corn prices to fall well below their current level of \$3.35 per bu., which is nearly 20% lower than last year's price. Of all the nation's farmers, the best off are the growers of soybeans, which face the greatest demand for use in livestock feed and a wide variety of food products. Soybeans have climbed from an average \$5.25 per bu. last year to as high as \$10.75 a bushel, and continuing higher still.

The huge crop and falling prices becomes now a monumental problem for the Carter Administration, which wants to help farmers without pushing prices too high. The main point of contention between the White House and Congress is the level of the so-called "loan" support and target prices to be included in a new farm bill. Under the present system, if market prices for wheat fall below a target of \$2.45, the farmer gets a Government check to make up the difference.

Open Confrontation. When the Farmer Carter has proposed raising targets to \$2.75 to \$2.90 for wheat and \$2.70 for corn to \$1.70 a bushel. He calculates the cost to taxpayers at \$2 billion a year and has threatened to veto any farm measure that raises the target. But the Senate has passed a bill that would cost almost twice as much. The House is preparing to vote on a measure that would raise the target on a measure price to \$2.35 a bushel. Both want to raise target prices this year. The differing versions will have to be reconciled in a conference committee. The final bill is not expected to reach the President's desk before August.

Breguet will not be forced to sell. Under French law, however, the government's 34% holding of the stock will enable it to block any major corporate decisions the government does not like. For the time being, at least, Dassault will remain in charge of his empire, including *Jours de France*, one of the most profitable of French magazines, Château Dassault (a Saint-Émilion vineyard) and a variety of electronics companies. But there does seem to be little doubt that Dassault-Breguet's days as an independent company are numbered no matter what the political stripe of the next French government.

Faced with overpowering U.S. competition on world markets and suffering from the commercial flop of Concorde, the French aviation industry needs restructuring into a single, strong entity. Observers reckon that little by little, Dassault will be moved into the orbit of government-owned Aérospatiale, the biggest aircraft company in France (1976 sales: \$1.8 billion). But Aérospatiale is ailing. Last year it lost approximately \$125 million, thanks mainly to Concorde costs. Clearly this was a situation the government could not tolerate. Last week executives at Aérospatiale headquarters in Paris were jubilant. "Yes, we think our sales are going to be a lot higher next year," said a company official, adding up Aérospatiale and Dassault-Breguet figures to get a total turnover of around \$3 billion.

IRELAND

Rake's Progress

Ireland's Prime Minister Liam Cosgrave, with his wisp of mustache, starched collar, bowler hat and understated manner, often looks like a Downstairs character asking a small favor of the man Upstairs. And indeed, until recently, the Irish were among the profligates of Europe, living it up as if someone else were responsible for their bills. Wages wildly outstripped productivity. Unemployment was the highest in Western Europe; inflation raged at an 18% rate. Public debt zoomed moonward at a catastrophic speed, while the idea of restricting consumption to narrow an enormous deficit elicited a knowing snigger. By calling a snap election for this week, Cosgrave has replaced romance with realism. The country, he says, must stop "this rake's progress."

Cosgrave's coalition government and the Fianna Fail opposition led by former Prime Minister Jack Lynch realize that the troubles of the economy must be faced, and the government is bluntly telling voters so. And an unusually alarmed electorate concurs. In the first public opinion poll of its kind, some 90% of voters voiced most concern about

think the country's position about the civil war in neighboring Northern Ireland is the paramount issue.

Nobody would agree with that assessment more than Minister for Industry and Commerce Justin Keating, 47, who was trained as a veterinarian, lectured in anatomy at a Dublin college, was a star television performer and joined the Cosgrave Cabinet in 1973. Although Keating is a member of the left-leaning Labor Party, his youthful radical ideology has been replaced by a pragmatic view: only heavy foreign private investment can ameliorate the country's unemployment. The jobless rate is now about 13%, and some 30,000 youths leaving school this summer will join the ranks, plus farm-laboring families that are being displaced by more efficient agriculture. No wonder the electorate is seething with dissatisfaction.

Because native capital and technical know-how are scarce, Keating has been traveling from Tokyo to Houston persuading industrialists to invest in the thinly peopled (pop. 3 million) republic. On just one swing in April and May to Japan, Australia, Canada and the U.S., Keating brought back \$150 million in new contracts from the U.S. alone. Through the offices of the Industrial Development Authority, the government agency charged with stimulating industrial expansion, Keating sets up lunch and dinner dates with corporate chiefs and ends up with his cowlick flying, making speeches in a lyric tenor. Even bored businessmen come to life when they learn that money for projects can be borrowed in Ireland at rates ranging from 4% to 7%, that profits on exports are tax-free until 1990 and can be repatriated to any country in the world, and that Ireland offers a bagful of other incentives.

IRISH WOMEN ON DUBLIN ASSEMBLY LINE MAKING COMPUTER MEMORIES FOR EXPORT



more than \$450 million has been invested in Ireland by U.S. companies ranging from General Electric, which makes components for color-television sets, to Bally Manufacturing Corp., the Chicago slot-machine company, which exports one-armed bandits from Dublin to Sydney. "We couldn't do business in Australia without that Dublin plant," says Bill O'Donnell, Bally's president, "because Ireland qualifies for special treatment on tariffs there." Although Keating is concentrating his efforts on the U.S., he recently lured Beecham Group Ltd., the big British pharmaceutical firm, to invest in a 50-acre site near Shannon Airport. (Britain remains Ireland's main trading partner; more than 200 British plants prosper in Ireland.) The products shipped from foreign-owned Irish plants, ranging from cardiac pacemakers to computers, transformers to cranes, are testimony, Keating says, to the adaptability of Irish workers.

A New God. The unique demography of Ireland (almost half the population is under 25) ensures that even if a controversial bill on family planning is passed by the government, some 30,000 new jobs must be created each year. Thus there is little or no resentment against foreign investors, save for the lunatic fringe of the I.R.A. In fact, the Irish color the overseas invasion with a touch of wit. Asahi, the \$1.8 billion Japanese chemical concern, planted a \$100 million textile factory in the barren wilds of Mayo, a western county haunted by memories of famine and emigration. Its peasantry have always been so poor that after the mere mention of "Mayo" they intoned the prayer "God help us." Now that Asahi is there, a local poet, with an eye toward more potential investors, wants it changed to "Mitsubishi help us."

MILESTONES

Married. Bill Russell, 43, basketball star of the Boston Celtics who became the first black coach-general manager in pro basketball when he joined the Seattle SuperSonics; and Didi Anstett, 29, Miss U.S.A. of 1968; he for the second time, she for the first; in Seattle.

Marriage Revealed. Alan Jay Lerner, 58, Broadway lyricist laureate (*My Fair Lady*, *Camelot*); and Nina Bushkin, 27, daughter of Joey Bushkin, the jazz pianist; he for the sixth time, she for the first; on May 30 in Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

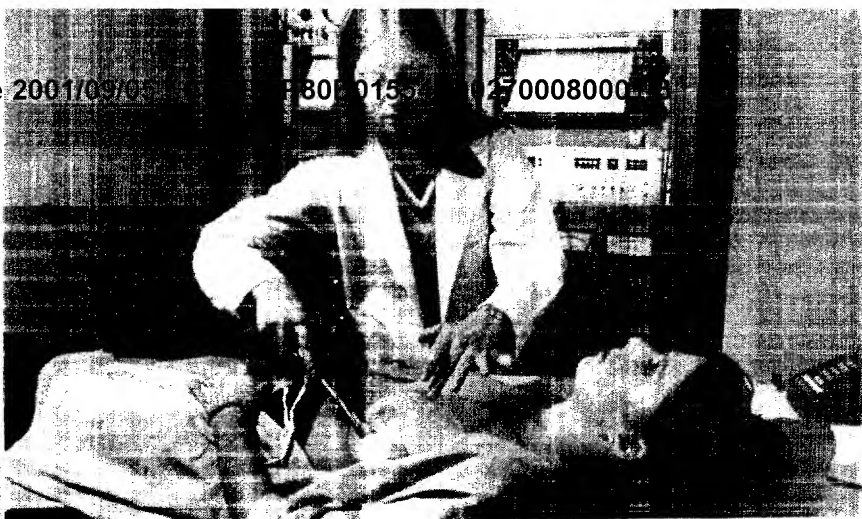
Divorced. George Harrison, 33, shy, mystic Beatle; and Patti Boyd, 32, model and actress, who met George while filming *A Hard Day's Night*; after eleven years of marriage, two years of separation; in London.

Died. Dr. Robert Franklin Pitts, 68, physiologist who pioneered research in kidney function and disease; of a heart attack; in Live Oak, Fla. While chairman of Cornell University's physiology department, Pitts conducted studies that led to new medical routines of therapy and an understanding of diuretic drugs.

Died. Joe Musial, 72, cartoonist who pioneered the use of comic books as teaching aids and drew the Katzenjammer Kids for the past 25 years; after a long illness; in Manhasset, N.Y. Musial took over Rudolph Dirks' comic strip featuring the terrible Teutonic twins in 1952 and, as art director of King Features' comic-book division, was also a ghost artist for many other series.

Died. Sir John Masterman, 86, former vice chancellor of Oxford University who directed British—and later Allied—counterintelligence units during World War II; in Oxford. In his book *The Double-Cross System in the War of 1939 to 1945*, Masterman recounted how the Twenty Committee (from the Roman numeral XX, symbolizing double-cross) effectively "ran and controlled the German espionage system" by feeding agents carefully planned false information, e.g., that the 1944 Allied invasion would take place in Calais, not Normandy. After the war, Masterman returned to Oxford and until his retirement in 1961 served as provost of Worcester College.

Died. Ward Melville, 90, chairman of the board of the Melville Corp.; after a long illness; in Manhattan. Melville, who started out working for his father's shoe store at \$8 a week, helped turn the business into a billion-dollar company by mass-producing low-priced shoes. He also founded the Miles and Thom McAn shoe chains.



BREAST-CANCER EXAMINATION AT BOSTON'S FAULKNER HOSPITAL WITH MICROWAVE DETECTOR

MEDICINE

Tuning in to Breast Tumors

"Did I understand that you cooked my breast with microwaves?" the woman angrily asked Dr. Norman Sadowsky, chief radiologist at Boston's Faulkner Hospital. Sadowsky reassured her that he had not. Yet her concern is typical of the initial response to the hospital's breast-cancer detection program. To help in the all-important early discovery of a disease that has reached epidemic levels in the U.S. (90,000 cases a year), Faulkner radiologists are using microwaves to spot breast cancers.

Microwaves, though they are being employed for everything from sending telephone messages to cooking steaks, would seem to be a highly unlikely medical tool. Like other electromagnetic radiation—notably X rays—they damage tissue at high enough energies. But the Faulkner microwaves are perfectly safe. Reason: the radiation involved is emitted not by the detector, as in conventional breast X rays (mammography), but by the body itself.

The idea comes from M.I.T. astrophysicist Alan Barrett, who decided that the same electronic wizardry that was enabling him to tune in to microwaves from free-floating molecules in interstellar space could have a down-to-earth application. If they were reduced in size, he reasoned, the sensitive antennas could even pick up the weak microwave (or heat) emissions from a tumor.

Because of its rapid rate of growth and increased blood supply, a tumor is hotter than normal tissue and hence gives off more radiant energy. Thermography, or heat scanning, concentrates on looking for infra-red radiation to find tumors. But such waves are rapidly absorbed by bodily tissue, thus tumors that lie any distance below the skin's surface cannot be readily picked up by infra-red sensors. By contrast, microwaves—which are much longer and

to 10 cm. (4 in.) below the surface.

Not much larger than a stethoscope and used somewhat like it, the little antenna built by Barrett and an M.I.T. colleague, Philip Myers, is placed against nine different sites on the breast and held at each for about 10 seconds. If one spot turns out to be significantly hotter than a comparable area on the other breast, the supervising radiologist is alerted and can make other checks for a tumor, including X rays.

About 70% accurate, the gadget is admittedly less precise than mammography (90%) and only on a par statistically with infra-red thermography. But since there is no radiation risk and no need for a skilled X-ray interpreter to make an initial judgment, Sadowsky points out, the microwave detector could at the very least be used for pre-screening women—especially those under 35 who are ordinarily not encouraged to have mammograms unless they have a family history of breast cancer or symptoms of the disease.

The Rumanian Solution

Armand Braun of Ridgewood, N.J., compiled a respectable B-plus average in pre-med studies at New York University. But like tens of thousands of other young Americans each year, he was turned down by medical schools. Still determined to become a doctor, Braun did what an increasing number of rejectees do each year: he looked abroad. Yet instead of going to Italy, Mexico or Belgium (TIME, April 16, 1973), he joined the small but growing cadre of Americans who are seeking their M.D.s in Communist Rumania.

Their choice of Rumania is no accident. After the warming of relations between Washington and Bucharest a few years ago, Rumania decided to help Americans pursue medical

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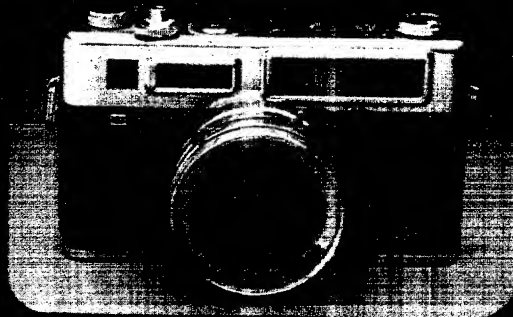
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AMERICAN MEDICAL STUDENTS IN RUMANIA
Opera, sumptuous meals, and girls.

studies there—a move that would pre-
sumably win friends and expand Ru-
manian influence in the U.S. The ex-
periment seems to be working. One of
the first Americans to be recruited,
Abraham Jaeger of New York City has
done so well since his arrival in 1972 that

though he is still a student—the Ru-
manian government has encouraged
him to attend international scientific
conferences. Jaeger is no longer lone-
some for countrymen: there are now 86
Americans studying in Rumania's two
main medical schools, in Bucharest and
Cluj.

Relatively Lenient. Rumania's at-
tractions are obvious. Though European
experts give Rumanian medical training
high marks, admission requirements for
Americans are relatively lenient. Until
this year, when the Rumanians began
demanding at least two years of prepa-
ratory college, Americans were accepted
directly out of secondary school. It was
this lure that attracted Raoul Mende-
lovic at age 17—immediately after his
graduation from New York City's high-
ly regarded Bronx High School of Sci-
ence with an impressive 97% average.
Now in his second year of the six-year
Rumanian medical program, Mendelo-
vic notes that he will be finishing up
just when his friends back in the U.S.
are beginning to apply for admission to
medical schools. "By the time I'm 25,"
he adds confidently, "I will be a much
better doctor."

Rumania offers other practical ad-
vantages for American medical stu-
dents. Room, board, tuition and incident-
al expenses amount to only about
\$3,000 a year, perhaps a third of the cost
of attending a private medical school in
the U.S. Money also goes further for en-
tertainment. The opera seat costs

MEDICINE

Approved For Release

no more than \$1.50, a sumptuous meal only \$3. Perhaps because of their spending power, the Americans (some of Rumanian descent and thus far mostly men) have no trouble attracting female companions. One student told TIME Correspondent David Aikman that he had so many Rumanian girl friends he could hardly fit them all into the twelve-hour days and six-day weeks of his busy class and lab schedule.

Still, there are shortcomings. By American standards, living conditions are spartan. The students are crowded three into a small room, and until recently stand-up "Turkish" toilets were *de rigueur*. Nor do the Americans ever forget that they are in a Communist state. Because Bucharest shuts down early, explains Ray Derderian, another New Yorker, "the cops stop you on the street at midnight and ask for your identification." Americans must learn to avoid sensitive political topics, except with the most intimate of Rumanian friends. Finally, there is red tape everywhere. Even so simple a chore as picking up a parcel from the U.S. at the post office can take up a whole day.

Heavy Dose. By contrast, the quality of their training receives nothing but praise from the Americans. Professors are extremely patient, ready to explain subtle points after a lecture rather than rushing off. (Many of the students learned Rumanian at home, others picked it up quickly because it is a Romance language, similar to Portuguese and Italian.) From the start, the students get a heavy dose of real medicine. Within two weeks they are cutting up cadavers; by the end of their first year they are treating patients. When a major earthquake struck Bucharest last March, all medical students in their second year or above were mobilized to help out in local hospitals. Derderian recalls that he was called upon to inject a stimulant directly into the heart of a cardiac patient. The students also note that because Rumanian doctors lack access to some of the sophisticated technology available in the U.S., they must rely more on their own skills to diagnose disease. Says one admiring American: "In not having highly advanced machinery here, you develop medical feelings."

Homecoming will not be easy for the Rumanian-trained M.D.s. They will have to pass a tough special exam administered by the Philadelphia-based Educational Commission for Foreign Medical Graduates before they can go on to the traditional internship in a U.S. hospital. But because they are already taking rigorous oral exams three times a year, the Americans in Bucharest and Cluj are confident that they will fare well upon their return. Some feel that they will even have an edge in clinical experience over their American-educated colleagues. That optimism will be put to the test next year when the first sizable batch of "Rumanian" doctors arrives back in the U.S.

Approved For Release

TIME, JUNE 20, 1977

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The Man in the Automaton

KINGKILL

by THOMAS GAVIN
398 pages. Random House. \$10.

In 1826 a German flimflam man named Johann Nepomuk Maelzel appeared in the U.S. and began wowing the natives with his traveling show of mechanical marvels. His treasures included an automated trumpet player, a device called the panharmonicon that could duplicate the sound of a 40-piece orchestra (playing Beethoven) and an elaborate diorama showing the burning of Moscow. But Maelzel's star attraction was a hoax: a chess automaton nicknamed the Turk that took on all comers—and was every bit as talented as the human player cleverly concealed within it. That role was filled by William Schlumberger, an Alsatian hunchback who, until hitching up with Maelzel, was the second best chess player at the Café de la Régence in Paris. The machine might have conned its way across the country save for a brilliant detective named Edgar Allan Poe, who exposed the secret in 1836. Maelzel and Schlumberger both died two years later.

So much is history. First Novelist Thomas Gavin, 36, reopens this long-closed case with a single question: What if Schlumberger did not die when the newspapers claimed but lived on in obscurity, composing a private journal of his bizarre life? If such a document existed, it might tell something worth hearing about a chess genius who mysteriously elected to spend twelve years playing inferior opponents while anonymously stuffed in an airless, sweltering box. Gavin asserts that such a document did exist and that *Kingkill* is based on it. With this single shading of fact into fiction, the performance begins.

Special Effects. A literary stunt? Yes, and well worth the price of admission. Beethoven and Napoleon materialize, as do Concord coaches, corduroy roads and a fully outfitted Mississippi River steamboat. With a few judicious details as props, Gavin creates palpable illusions of scenes 150 years old. Schlumberger and a companion stalk the New York waterfront at night: "Now and then they entered the nimbus of a gas lamp hovering just over their heads like a phosphorescing sea creature. Schlumberger heard the sinister hiss behind the glass. One pace beyond the lamp his shadow was squeezing from under his heel squat as a dwarf, and four strides later it was a lanky giant being sucked headfirst into the dark."

But *Kingkill* has more on its mind than special effects. The two main characters, Schlumberger and Maelzel, lock themselves in a struggle to survive and

tentially humiliating as a championship chess match. Maelzel tempts the malformed Schlumberger into his machinery by using Louise Rouault, the wife of a mechanic-assistant, as bait. Eventually, Louise disappears but Schlumberger remains. The Turk frees him from the fear of losing a match publicly and gives him the power to expose Maelzel at any time. For his part, Maelzel exploits Schlumberger's gift for his own profit and dreams of a truly automated player. Mountebank that he is, Maelzel desperately wishes that the Turk could be a total machine, one that he could control completely.

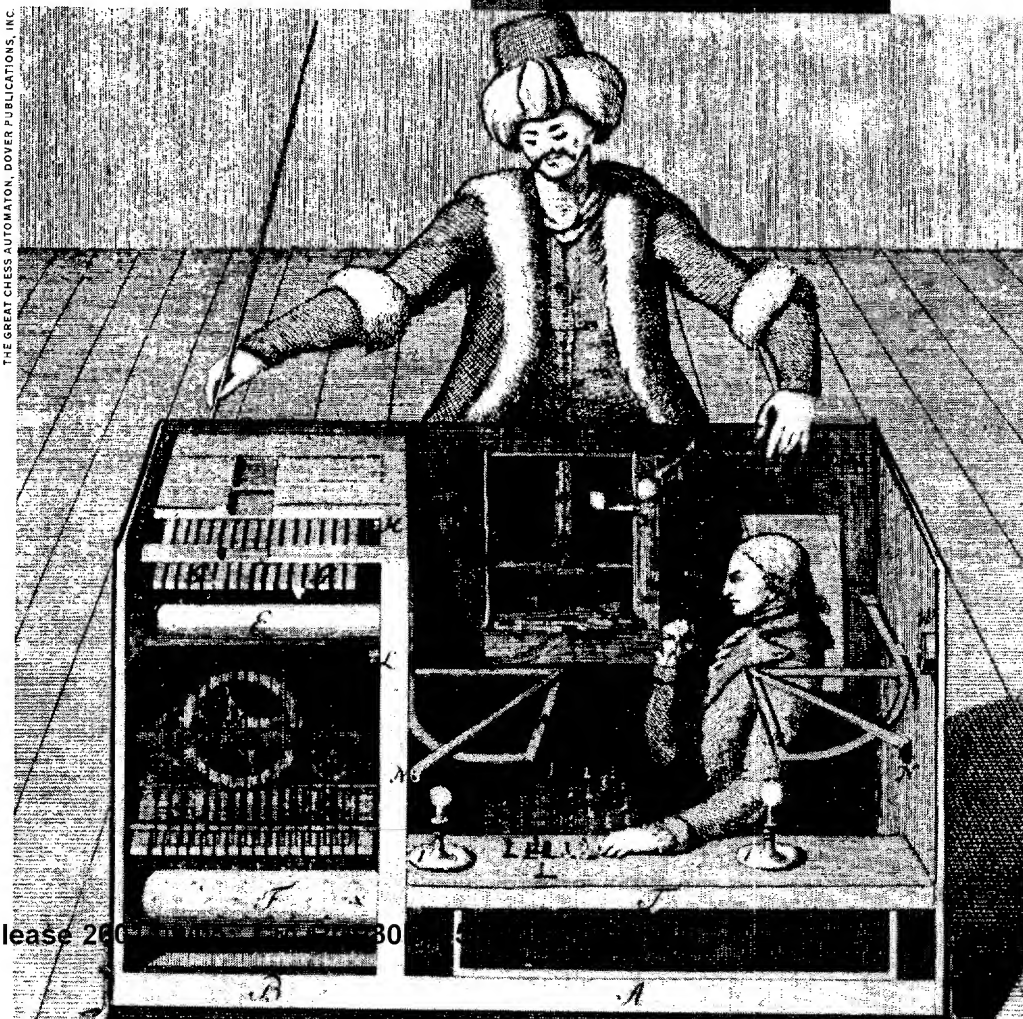
Careful Planning. The ripples of this struggle extend well beyond the period covered by Gavin's story. Yet the author, who teaches English at Middlebury College in Vermont, never draws arrows pointing toward buried meanings or underscores the ironies that hover whenever the present looks at the past. The world of Schlumberger, Maelzel and 19th century America seems to appear

and spin spontaneously, a sure sign in art that careful planning was at work from the beginning.

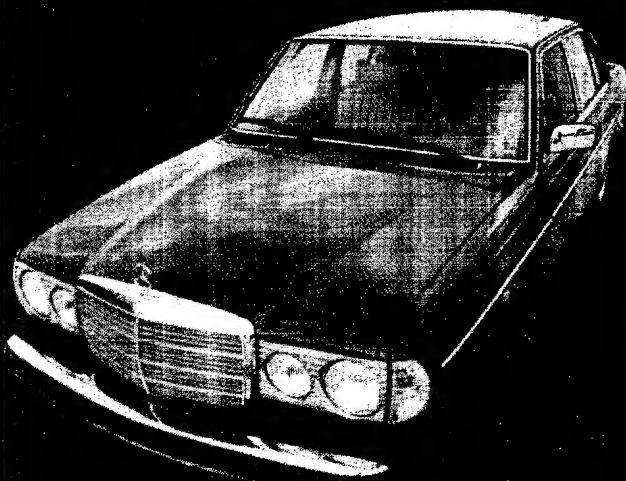
Aspiring authors are regularly instructed to write about what they know. Many of them, unfortunately, know the same things. That is why first novels tend to cluster around a few subjects: growing up absurd, free sex and expensive therapy, anomie in graduate school and the difficulties of writing a first novel. *Kingkill* is a refreshing and welcome



FIRST NOVELIST THOMAS GAVIN (RIGHT);
BELOW, CUTAWAY ILLUSTRATION OF THE TURK,
A CHESS AUTOMATON, SHOWING OPERATOR



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NEVER FORGOT BENZ

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break with this tradition. Gavin writes not only about what he knows but about what he has learned. Meticulously researched and written over a 5½-year period, his novel shows how much voracity can be taken out of libraries if imagination and talent enter them. Gavin has built a construction just as ingenious and mysterious as the Turk, and it too pulses with inner life. **Paul Gray**

Lest the Past Kill

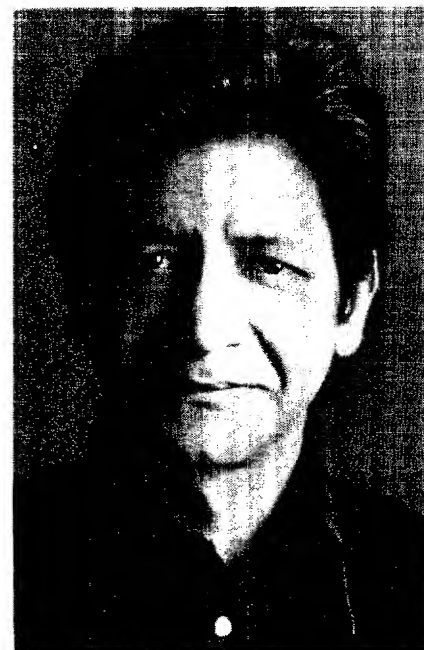
INDIA: A WOUNDED CIVILIZATION

by V.S. NAIPAUL

191 pages Knopf, \$7.95

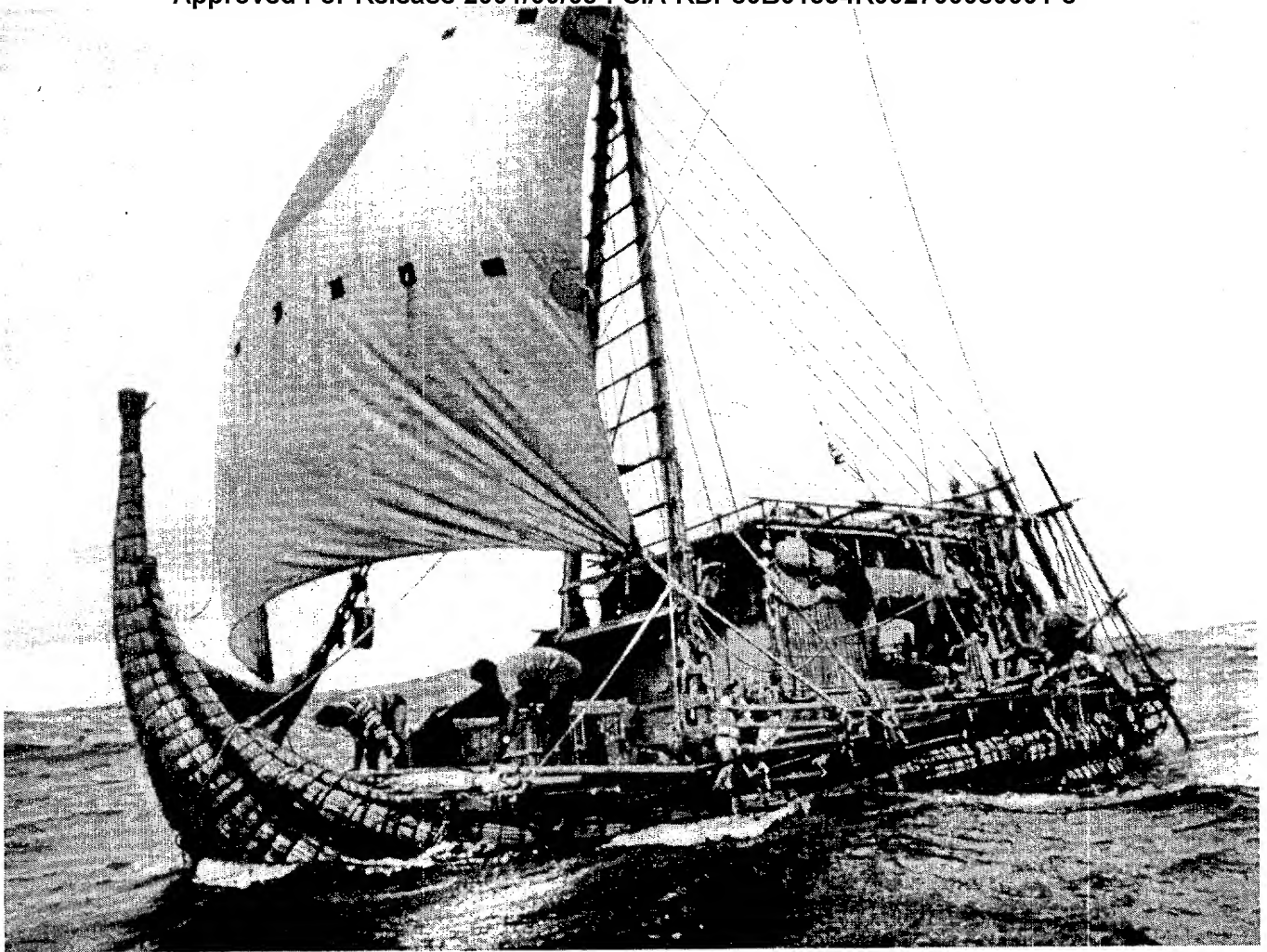
"It was a journey that ought not to have been made. It had broken my life in two," So wrote V.S. Naipaul, the West Indian novelist (*Guerrillas*, *A House for Mr. Biswas*) of East Indian heritage, after his first visit to India in 1962. And so it seemed. He visited the ravaged village in Uttar Pradesh from which his grandfather had migrated to Trinidad as an indentured servant more than 60 years before, and died in horror. He raged and fussed about the Indian bureaucracy. He was appalled by the emaciated bodies and starving dogs, by the filth and public debilitation. He was exasperated by the religiosity and pretense of "a nation ceaselessly exchanging banalities with itself." Yet he keeps returning. In *India: A Wounded Civilization* based on his fourth journey in 14 years, Naipaul, now 44, is as fascinating a traveling companion as ever; but this time he is vastly more composed as he describes what he perceives to be the Indian predicament.

His point of departure, as always, is the immigrant Indian community of his childhood, where the first bit of cooked food was sacrificed to the fire; where



1554R002700080001-8

Ever more terrifying landscapes.



“Sailing across the Atlantic we observed oil pollution on 43 out of 57 days”

Thor Heyerdahl



Thor Heyerdahl
Ra Voyage, 1970

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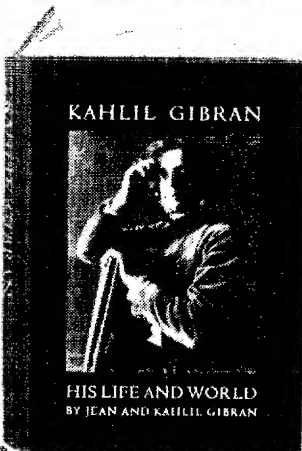
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Kahlil Gibran HIS LIFE AND WORLD

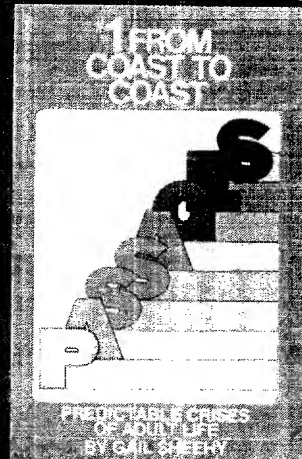
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only a male hand could cut the pumpkin because (as he learned decades later in West Bengal) the pumpkin was the vegetable substitute for a living sacrifice. He remains the outsider—as indeed he is in most of his literary locales—but through his travels he has come to understand that "Indian memories, the memories of that India which lived on into my childhood in Trinidad, are like trapdoors into a bottomless past."

In Naipaul's fiction, the landscape, mental as well as actual, has grown ever more terrifying. By contrast, he approaches India with a calm, almost religious detachment. The narrative is often mordant as it describes the dissonance of Indian life: the mutilated beggar children and the fashionable holy men, complete with pressagents; the landless peasants fleeing the villages for the city pavements, the infuriating smugness of the privileged.

Hindu Killer. But the real horror is muted, deriving from the nation's perpetual state of helplessness. Hindu India was all but destroyed by 1,000 years of invasion and defeat. Naipaul believes, and Hinduism has perpetuated the resulting defeatism by encouraging withdrawal and human separation. Moreover, Gandhian nonviolence swiftly degenerated from a framework for social action to total laxity, in Naipaul's view, and helped lead India to "an acceptance of *karma*, the Hindu killer, the Hindu calm."

This journey took place during the early months of Indira Gandhi's state of emergency, and the book was completed before her dramatic electoral defeat in March. But that hardly mat-

URBAN CONTRASTS IN INDIA



ters. If anything, the author seems to have preferred the emergency to the old-style Gandhianism of Morarji Desai, now the Prime Minister. The real crisis, writes Naipaul sadly, is neither political nor economic, but that of a decaying civilization whose "only hope lies in further swift decay." There is no clue as to the shape of the approaching apocalypse; only the chill warning that "the past has to be seen to be dead, or the past will kill."

William E. Smith

Gang Rape of a City

THE ABUSE OF POWER: THE PERMANENT GOVERNMENT AND THE FALL OF NEW YORK
by JACK NEWFIELD and PAUL DU BRUL
368 pages. Viking. \$12.50.

In the movie *Network*, a manic anchorman exhorts his listeners to proclaim through open windows that they won't take abuse any more. In real journalism, Jack Newfield screams a similar demand, but he wants his audience to protest in closed voting booths. Rage rather than dementia drives this full-time muckraker—one reason why his novelty value has survived six books and hundreds of articles; few can match the fresh indignation he brings to old scams.

The question of who maimed New York City has become Newfield's obsession. He is concerned not only with immediate injury—the 30-month-long fiscal crisis—but with chronic economic and social ailments. *The Abuse of Power* is his answer. Though written with Paul Du Brul, a city planner, the book's thesis is pure Newfield: the city was not merely short-shrifted by federal policy, let down by feckless mayors and leached by the unions. The case was, and remains, an exercise in gang rape with enough perpetrators to fill a penitentiary.

Volunteer Cuckold. Elected and appointed officials make up New York's temporary government. This feeble mechanism is no match for the permanent government: bankers, builders, lawyer-fixers, back-room pols, landlords, union leaders. Larger commercial banks profited merrily for years in the city bond trade, both as underwriters and as holders of securities. When trouble surfaced, they quietly dumped the paper. Savings institutions redlined neighborhood after neighborhood, exporting loans to suburbia instead of re-investing in the city.

Hundreds of millions in taxes were lost because of inefficiency in collection and favoritism in the assessment process. Construction projects were methodically milked at immense cost. The Lindsay administration, for instance, agreed to renovate Yankee Stadium as the means of keeping the team in New York. In 1972 the cost to the city was pegged at \$24 million. Four years later it was \$101 million—some \$40 million more than the price of a larger and entirely new stadium in Michigan.

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been stolen from assorted health and welfare programs. Virtually every audit turns up new hanky-panky by the entrepreneurs and "community leaders" who are supposed to serve the poor. Newfield recalls a typical 1974 dinner of the Brooklyn Democratic group whose hero was Mayor Abraham Beame. Seven of the guests have since been convicted of felonies (including two Congressmen) and several more are now under judicial and ethical clouds. From such organizations Beame drew much of his management talent.

So goes Newfield's script. He keeps compounding the felons until surrounded by nothing but villainy, the reader grows weary and even skeptical. Sur-standard hyperbole ("We realized that behind almost every horror stood a banker") and doctrinaire populism ("They are making a desert and calling it a balanced budget") further reduce the authors' credibility. Invective obscures insight. John Lindsay was not merely an inadequate mayor but "a volunteer cuckold of the permanent government." The clubhouse crowd is condemned as "back-room dreck," though in fact it produces some good administrators.

Jeremiahs Needed. The true outrage of *The Abuse of Power*, however, rises not from its flaws but from its truths. If many of the specifics have been sporadically reported, if criminals have often been called to account, urban systems still manage to fend off basic reform. They will continue to do so until voters decide otherwise. For that millennium to occur, there need to be more Jeremiahs like Newfield willing to howl their grim, invaluable message over and over again. It cannot be heard by too many citizens, or heeded by too many cities.

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- 6—How to Save Your Own Life, Long (8)
- 7—Trinity, Uris (5)
- 8—Condominium, MacDonald (3)
- 9—Illusions, Bach (9)
- 10—East Wind, Rain, Nash (16)

NONFICTION

- 1—Your Erroneous Zones, Dye (1)
- 2—Fassages, Sheehy (2)
- 3—Roots, Haley (3)
- 4—Changing, Ullmann (4)
- 5—Haywire, Hayward (6)
- 6—The Gamesman, Maccoby (2)
- 7—It Didn't Start with Watergate, Lasky (10)
- 8—The Age of Uncertainty, Galbraith
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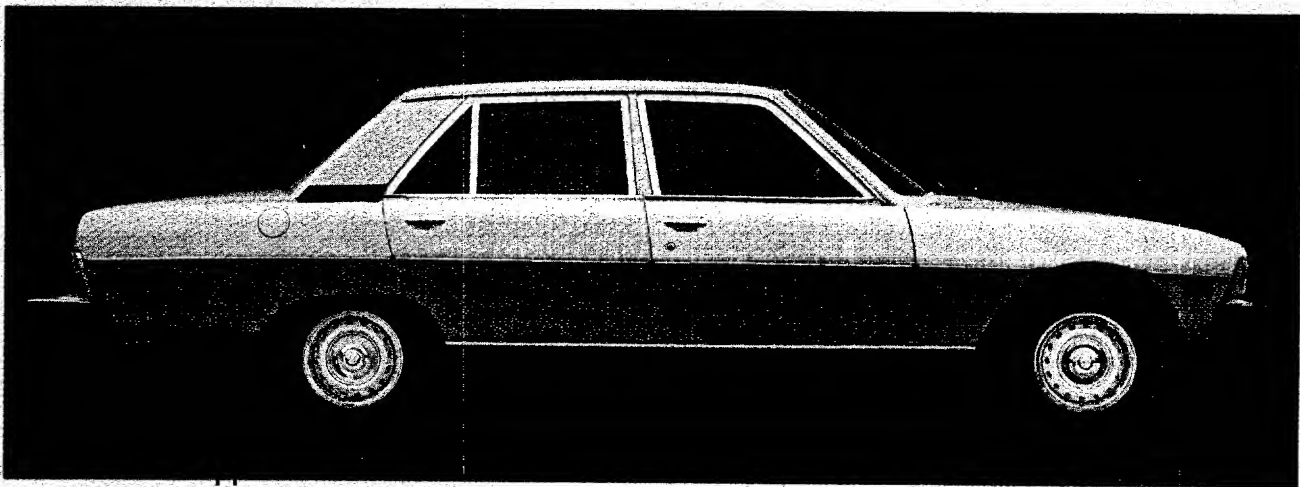
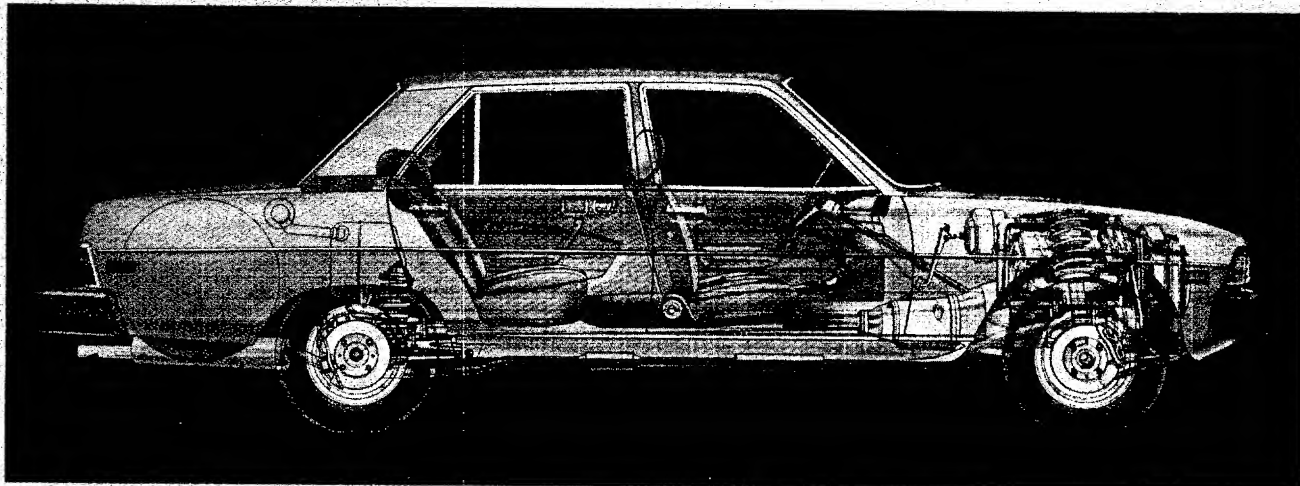
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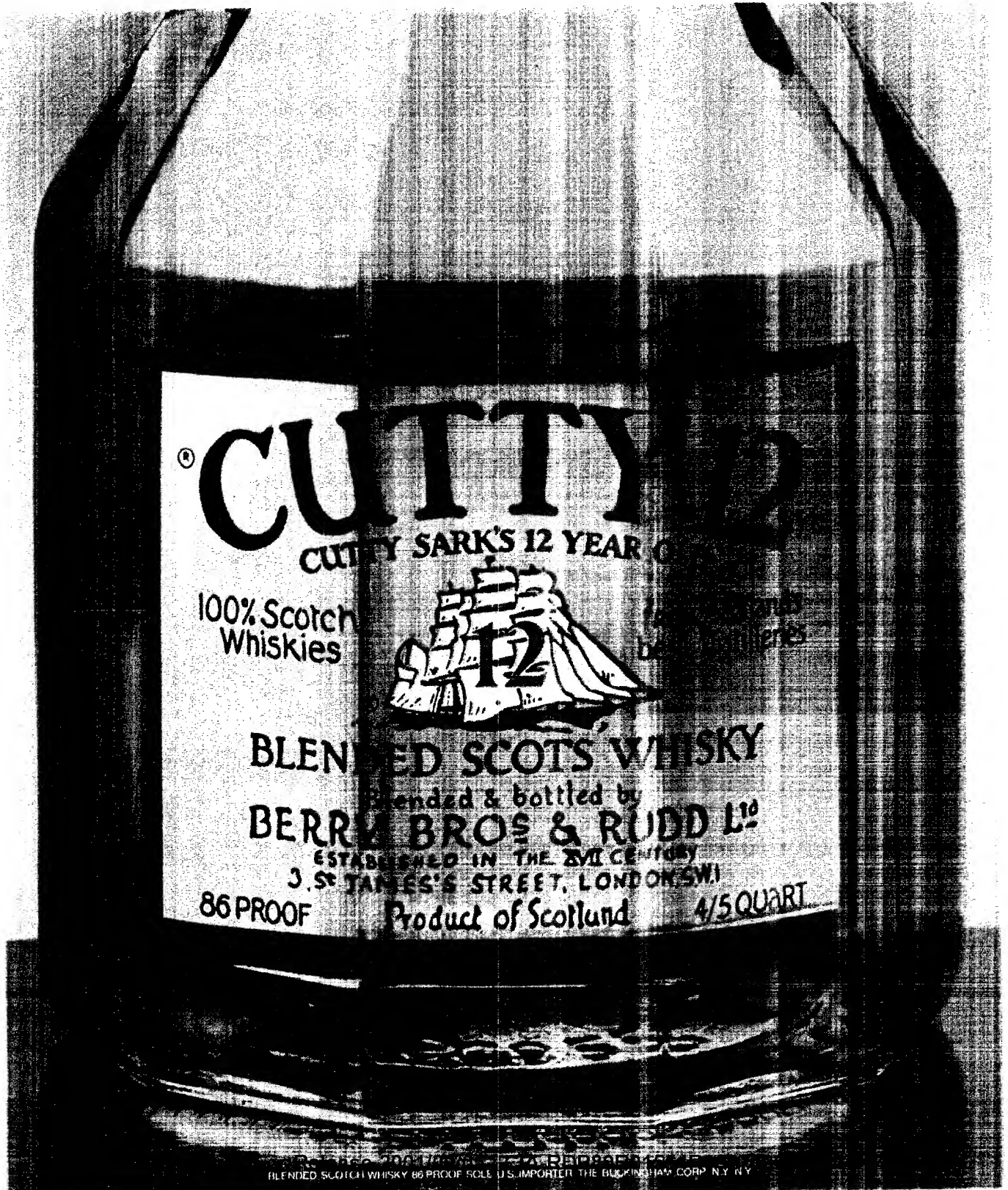
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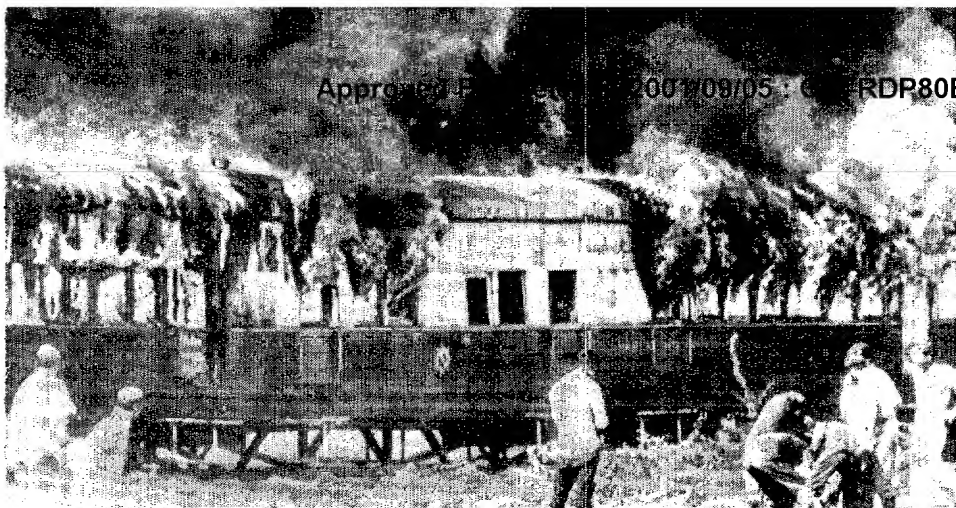
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DISASTERS IN PAKISTAN AND TURKEY: A SAMPLING OF THE WESTERN NEWS COVERAGE THE THIRD WORLD NO LONGER WANTS

THE PRESS

The Word War of the Worlds

The revolution in Ishmaelia had barely begun, but on Fleet Street the publisher of the daily *Beast* was already telling his correspondent precisely what coverage he wanted: "A few sharp victories, some conspicuous acts of personal bravery on the Patriot side, and a colourful entry into the capital." Such was the quality of African reportage half a century ago, as described by Novelist Evelyn Waugh in his hilarious classic *Scoop*. To officials of modern-day African nations, as well as those of other developing countries of the so-called Third World, not enough has changed since Waugh's day. Western coverage of their affairs, they complain, is cursory, colored by colonialist idioms and preoccupied with corruption, political turmoil and natural disaster.

Now those officials are doing more than just complain. At various international conferences over the past few years, Third World nations have mounted a coordinated attack on the activities of the Western-based news organizations that transmit most of the world's news. The stated aim of this "developmental journalism" campaign is to make information better serve the developing countries' plans for economic growth and, as one oft-heard slogan has it, "decolonialize the news." "The West still regards the Afro-Asian countries as inferior," says Indian Publisher Asoke Sarkar. "You do not understand us."

Press Pool. The 250 Western publishers and broadcasters who gathered in Oslo last week for the 26th annual conference of the International Press Institute, however, are worried that the movement could become a campaign to replace straight reporting about the developing world with government-approved propaganda. At last fall's United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization's General Conference in Nairobi, the Third World bloc

tried to push through a Soviet-backed proposal endorsing greater government control of the international flow of news (a U.S. lobbying effort stalled the motion). The bloc did succeed, however, in gaining UNESCO backing for a new Third World press pool that would supplement—and, some press libertarians fear, eventually supplant—the Western wire services in those countries. Says H.L. Stevenson, editor and vice president of U.P.I.: "If this pool decides it wants to give out handouts at the airport, that's it—we don't get into the countries."

Even before the UNESCO endorsement, a press pool was formed by non-aligned nations last July. Today as many as 47 national news agencies are exchanging reports, though most of the pool's copy is self-serving propaganda. Not many Western journalists take the effort seriously. Says Reuters Managing Director Gerald Long: "They're zero competition for us." So far, perhaps. But within a month after the Indian news agency Samachar joined the nonaligned-nations' pool, the agency dropped both U.P.I. and West Germany's Deutsche Presse-Agentur. If UNESCO continues to lend its prestige and expertise to the Third World press pool, such defections might increase.

Delegates to last week's I.P.I. meeting in Oslo generally deplored UNESCO's intrusion into the developmental-journalism debate, which some of them claimed violates the agency's charter and lends unwarranted legitimacy to Third World press-bashing. Many Western journalists admit, however, that their coverage of the developing world could be improved. U.P.I., for instance, has more full-time correspondents in London (14) than in all of Latin America (12), and NBC does not maintain a bureau anywhere in Africa. "We concede that an imbalance of information exists in some parts of the world," says U.P.I.'s

Stevenson. "But we don't concede that this imbalance is part of any imperialistic plot hatched in our New York office."

Instead, the underwhelming presence of Western correspondents in the Third World is in large part the fault of the developing nations themselves. Most of them are one-party states or outright dictatorships, with a tightly controlled domestic press, and little patience for Western notions of free inquiry. I.P.I. officials in Oslo reported last week that 31 governments, most of them developing countries, expelled, harassed or denied visas to foreign correspondents last year. Says Gerald Gold, deputy foreign editor of the *New York Times*: "They are complaining about the very guts of American journalism, which is to look at things with a hard eye."

Play in Peoria. They also complain that the Western press completely overlooks Third World news of importance to Third World readers—which means that, because Western news organizations dominate the international flow of information, such news often goes unreported. "If a new steel mill is built in Mexico, that fact is very newsworthy in Mexico," says Roger Tatarian, professor of journalism at the University of California's Fresno campus. "It is not necessarily of much interest in Peoria."

That may change. The developing world has lately become more prominent in international economic affairs, following precipitous price increases of oil, coffee and other Third World commodities. For that reason, and perhaps because Western editors are troubled by the implications of developmental journalism, a number of news organizations are beginning to take the Third World more seriously. The *Washington Post* has roughly doubled its force of part-time correspondents, or stringers, in the developing countries in the past five years to 14. CBS this year opened an African bureau in Nairobi, and ABC will open one in Johannesburg next week. In addition, the World Press Freedom

Association, a group of Western news organizations and professional societies, is committed to raising \$1 million to "assist the development of Third World news gathering."

Third World spokesmen are generally skeptical of such overtures, fearful that they might perpetuate "cultural imperialism." The officials prefer to go it alone. To that end, Third World representatives will meet later this month in Kinshasa to lay plans for expanding their press pool. And they are almost certain to reintroduce last fall's defeated press-control proposal at the 1978 UNESCO general conference in Paris.

Quartet of Newcomers

It is the best of times for the U.S. magazine industry. Circulation last year was up 16% over 1975 and advertising pages were ahead 17%; this year is expected to be as good. So cheering are the figures, in fact, that publishers are falling over themselves to launch new magazines. The trade monthly *Folio* counted a record 334 new ventures in 1976, and 108 so far this year. Since the demise of *Life*, *Look* and the *Saturday Evening Post* as mass-circulation magazines, however, most recent enterprises have been aimed at narrower slices of the reading public (*Wild World of Skateboarding*, *Kosher Home*). Now a number of new or refurbished magazines are attempting to reach wider audiences again. A sampler of four for the money:

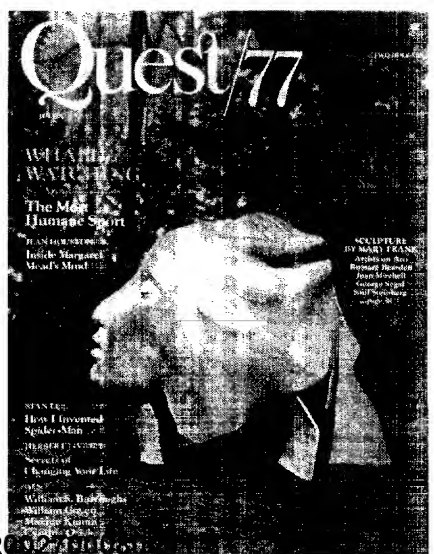
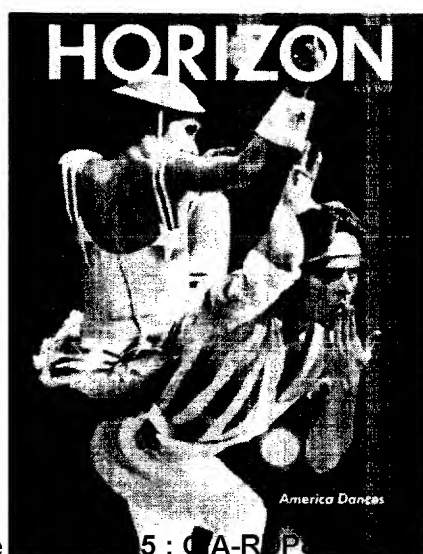
OUTSIDE (projected circ. 100,000; single copy, \$1), to begin regular publication in August, is "about the outdoors in the same way *Rolling Stone* is about music," says William Randolph Hearst III, 28, who left his family's publishing empire to edit the new monthly. Launched by *Rolling Stone* Editor Jann Wenner, *Outside* is a kind of glossy *Whole Earth* catalogue filled with rich nature photography and lively prose on such concerns as white-water canoeing, wind power and unusually beautiful places to camp or visit like Telluride,

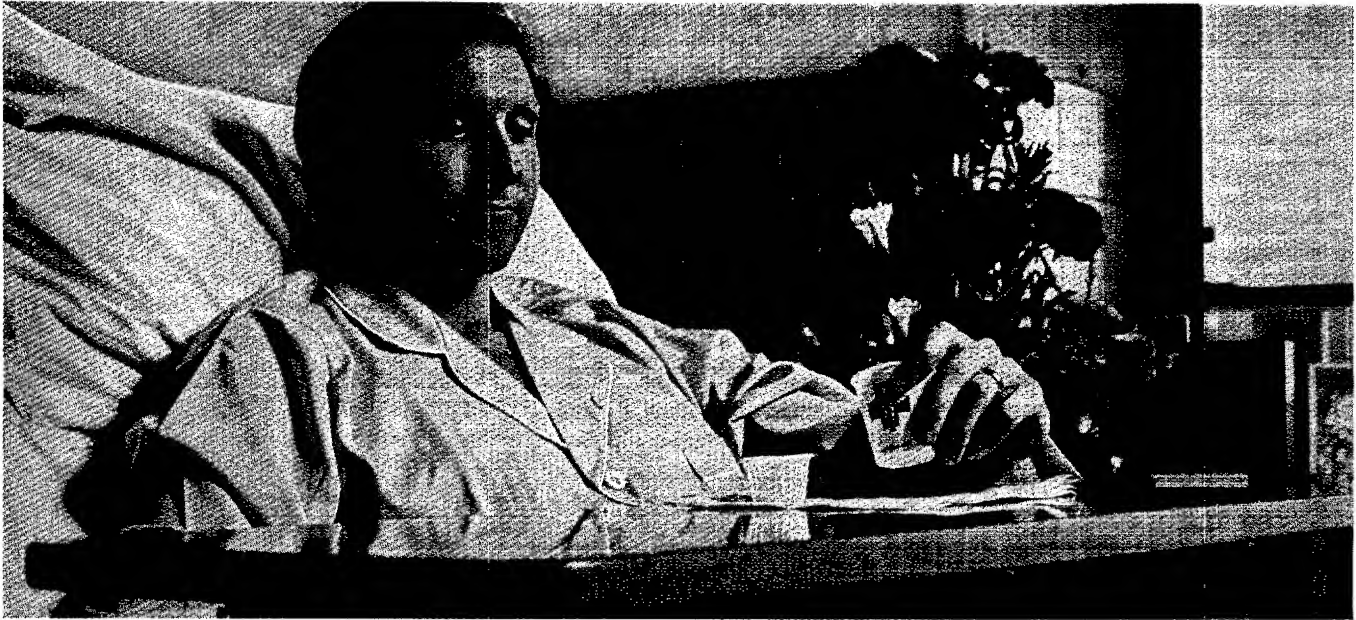
Colo., and the Kalakau Valley in Hawaii. Regular features include an environmental law column and a consumer guide to outdoor equipment. "The need for the magazine is compelling," says *Outside* Publisher Wenner, 31. "Just look around at all the people hiking and backpacking. The evolutionary change in life-styles, that's what it's all about."

QUEST/77 (circ. 240,000; single copy, \$2) is a scrupulously secular, extravagantly illustrated bimonthly funded by California Evangelist Garner Ted Armstrong. Beginning with its first issue in February, it has examined such disparate subjects as skydiving, mid-life career changes, whale watching, Margaret Mead, Mount Everest climbing, Thomas Jefferson and the comic Spider Man—all with a high-minded seriousness unmatched anywhere this side of *National Geographic*. The unfocused editorial selection is intended, in the words of Editor Robert Shnaverson, 51, a former *TIME* and *Harper's* editor, to "reveal human greatness. The idea of enriching someone's life, of offering inspiration without sounding like a Dr. Pangloss appealed to me."

US (estimated circ. 750,000; single copy, 50¢) is the latest and largest imitator of Time Inc.'s successful three-year-old weekly *PEOPLE* (circ. 1.8 million). Familiar faces are the cover staple: Paul Newman, Henry ("the Fonz") Winkler, Princess Grace. Introduced earlier this year by the New York Times Co. and aided by the supermarket distribution network of the firm's *Family Circle*, the biweekly *US* has notably unattractive design and typography and generally flat, simplistic prose. Besides short articles on celebrities, there are tearjerkers ("A Boy's Tough Choice Between Two Mothers") and a smattering of serious exposes ("The Florida Connection" about Cuban-American terrorists in Miami). "We want to be flexible and to include stories on issues and movements," says Managing Editor Reynolds Dodson, 39, formerly of *Family Weekly*, but adds: "We are in an age where a celebrity on the cover is required to sell anything."

HORIZON (circ. 98,000; single copy, \$2.50) has been around since 1958, but underwent such a face lift this year that any resemblance to the old, hard-cover, quarterly coffee-table sampler of art and high culture is coincidental. The new *Horizon* will be a soft-cover monthly as of September, and light-years more lively. Artist Andrew Wyeth's naked *Virgin* was the cover of the May issue, and Dancers Mikhail Baryshnikov and Christine Saray are whooping it up on the next issue. Inside the magazine are heavily illustrated essays on such trendy topics as discotheques, women in film, a new "gymnastics fever" and photograph collecting. "We want to be the national journal of civilized urban life," says Editor Otto Fuerbringer, 66, a former *TIME* managing editor who was hired as a consultant last year to remake *Horizon* for its new owner, Engelhard Hanovia, Inc., and was then invited to stay. "Our aim is to stimulate those with the talent and time to participate in the diversity of this life."





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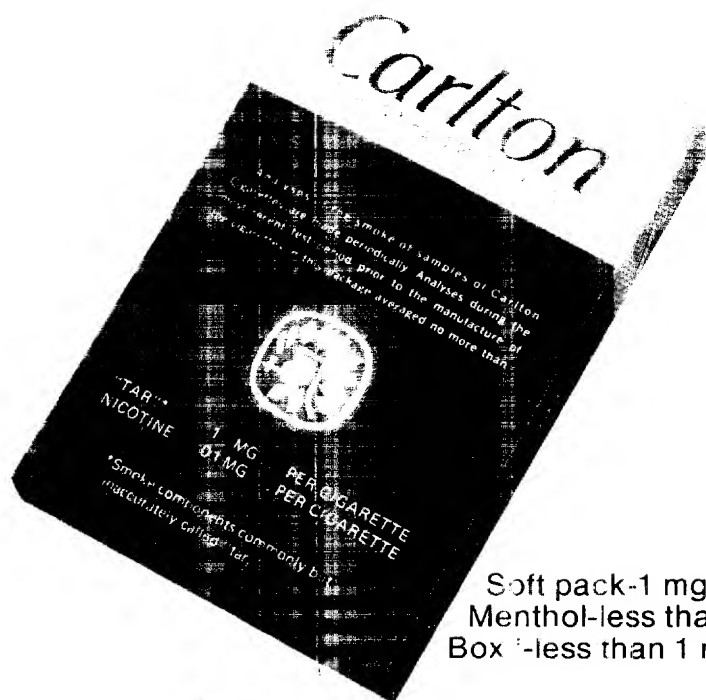
The 10 top selling cigarettes

	Tar mg. cigarette	Nicotine mg. cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	25	1.2
Brand C Non-Filter	23	1.4
Brand W	19	1.1
Brand W 100	19	1.1
Brand M	18	1.0
Brand S Menthol	18	1.0
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.0
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	Tar mg. cigarette	Nicotine mg. cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.7
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.7
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.8
Brand M	8	0.8
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